THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

MARIE BANKHEAD OWEN, Editor
EMMETT KILPATRICK, Co-Editor

Published by the

STATE DEPARTMENT

OF

ARCHIVES AND HISTORY

Vol. 9 No. 2

SUMMER ISSUE

1947

WALKER PRINTING CO.
Printers and Stationers
Montgomery, Ala.

CONTENTS — 70 pages

Civil War Days in Huntsville,

A Diary by Mrs. W. D. Chadick

EDITORIAL

Number 2, of Volume 9, is devoted entirely to the diary of Mrs. W. D. Chadick, which was published in the *Huntsville Times* through the courtesy of her grandson, Col. John R. Fordyce, of Little Rock, Ark. The date of the newspaper was omitted from the copy of the section carrying the diary but was some years ago. The family of Col. W. D. Chadick was residing in Huntsville at the time the diary was written giving a vivid picture of the years in that city when it was occupied by Federal troops from 1862 to 1865.

One of the divisions of the Alabama State Department of Archives and History is devoted to manuscripts and maps and from that collection much valuable material of Alabama history not connected with the State's official documents is to be found. Some of this material has already been reproduced in the Quarterly and much more will follow through the years. The Editor of the Quarterly is anxious to bring into the Department as many old diaries, County histories, old letters and old maps as people possessing them are willing to give to the State for permanent preservation. The great tragedy of the destruction of material of this character is made manifest when descendants of our pioneers or early historical characters destroy such items at the breaking up of homes or of families. A vast collection of correspondence in the hands of the descendants of Dixon Hall Lewis, consisting of letters from many of our great National leaders and giving fine pictures of the history of our early period, nationally as well as local, were carried into the back yard and burned by a person recently coming into the family and without any knowledge or appreciation of the value of the contents of the many boxes and trunks that were burned. The same fate has befallen other valuable collections until the present time. It is therefore of grat importance to the history of our war period of the sixties to reproduce Mrs. Chadick's diary for the information of the present generation.

Editor.

The Rev. Wm. D. Chadick
About 1850

Mrs. Wm. D. Chadick
About 1850
(Miss Mary Jane Cook)

Wm. D. Chadick
Lt. Col. 26 Ala. Inf.
Col. on Staff of Gov. of Ala.

(p. 197)

WILLIAM DAVIDSON CHADICK, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, editor and Confederate soldier, was born January 22, 1817, in Overton County, Tenn., and died September 4, 1878, in McMinnville, Tenn. He was the son of Charles and Elizabeth (Crutchlow) Chadick, who removed from Tennessee to Jackson County, Alabama, when he was quite young, about 1820, settling several miles west of Scottsboro. There were five sons in the family, all of whom became ministers, and five daughters. Some were Cumberland Presbyterian ministers and some Methodist.

Rev. William D. Chadick received his early education in the common schools of Jackson County and studied theology under several different ministers. In addition to being a licensed preacher he was also the editor of the *Banner of Peace,* at that time the organ of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. At the age of 19 years he enlisted and served in the Creek Indian War under General Andrew Jackson. At the beginning of the War Between the States he was made Chaplain of the 4th Alabama Regiment with the rank of Captain and was later promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. He raised a Battalion and became known as the fighting parson, being in the battle of Shiloh and of Manassas, besides many smaller engagements. He was much beloved by his men and never lost sight of his duties as a Christian and the high sacred position he held as a minister of the gospel. He was twice married, first to Malinda Porterfield Davis, of Fayetteville, Tenn., whom he married in December, 1841. After her death he married in 1850, Miss Mary Ione Cook, daughter of David and Mary Cook, the author of the diary appearing in this Quarterly. Four children were born of the first marriage and four by the second. It is regretted that there is very little data available for a sketch of Mrs. Chadick, author of the diary which was entitled "Civil War Days in Huntsville." The *Huntsville Times* in publishing the document said: "The diary represents a valuable contribution of source material on the Civil War history of Huntsville. So far as is known, it is the only one that was kept, and preserved, by any local resident during those stirring days."

CIVIL WAR DAYS IN HUNTSVILLE

A Diary by Mrs. W. D. Chadick

(Published by the Huntsville Times, date not established.)

(April 11, 1862.) On the morning of April 11, General Mitchell's division (Federalists) took possession of Huntsville. There was no opposition, there being only a few wounded and sick Confederate soldiers in the town.

They entered at daybreak, first taking possession of the railroad and some 15 engines. The southern train was just coming in, having on board 159 Confederate soldiers, some wounded, going to their homes, and others, who had been on furlough, rejoining their regiments.

The train endeavored to make its escape, but was fired into by two cannons. One of the firemen was seriously wounded. All aboard were taken prisoners. The well soldiers were confined in the depot house, and the wounded remained in the cars.

The telegraph office and postoffice were next seized. Many wounded soldiers quartered in town and many prominent citizens and refugees made their escape during the day. Among them was the secretary of war, Pope Walker, the Hon. John Bell and others. There was a great deal of excitement and consternation among the citizens, as it had not been generally believed that the enemy would come here.

About 7 o'clock, in company with Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. Mayhew, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Powers, Mrs. Tony and other ladies from the college, we waited on Gen. Mitchell to ask permission to visit our wounded soldiers he had taken on the cars. We were ushered into his august presence in the parlor of the hotel at the depot. He received us politely, remarking that he was always glad to see the ladies, provided they "did not rail at him as they had done at Fayetteville."

The object of the visit then was stated to him by Mrs. Bradford, when, instead of a direct reply, he went on to speak of the very great surprise he had given us that morning, and expressing great surprise on his part that we had no reception prepared for him! I had it in my heart to let him know "that we had one grand reception prepared for him at Corinth," but

considering that "discretion was the better part of valor," kept silent.

He went on to enumerate the towns he had taken in his route, saying that he did not know how much farther south he should go. He expressed surprise that we had so few provisions here (all our government stores had been removed), and said that we should be compelled to call on the North for help. He also said he blushed to speak of some Southern ladies who had taunted his soldiers with our late victory at Corinth, all of which was very magnanimous on the part of a great general going forth "conquering and to conquer," especially where he had no armed force to oppose him.

Visit Wounded on Cars

He, however, gave us permission to visit our wounded and do what we could for them. We found them still on the cars in a very uncomfortable position, and many of them suffering dreadfully, and having no nourishment in two days!

Among them we found three Confederate officers—Major McDonald and Capts. Means and Byrd, who by their gentlemanly bearing, refinement and severe wounds, received in the Battle of Corinth, enlisted our deepest sympathies and interest. We also visited the well prisoners in the depot house and found them suffering for something to eat.

In the evening, we returned to them with milk, wine, soups and a great quantity of provisions—enough for all. Some of the Federal officers informed us that their wagon trains would not be in for two days (so forced had been their march), and that they would have to tax the citizens for food for their own men.

Through Dr. Thumesd, we obtained permission to move our wounded to the hospitals. Mrs. Harris and myself, accompanied by Mr. Brown (Methodist minister), were deputized to set the house and beds in order, while Mrs. Bradford and some others remained behind to superintend their removal. Everything was soon arranged and, before night, they were all on comfortable beds, and their wounds dressed. They declared that

they were the sweetest beds they ever lay down upon—poor fellows! One of them was wounded in nine places and was perfectly helpless. Miss Clapham and Miss Danils from the college went around and washed all their faces and hands which they declared was another luxury.

(Saturday, April 12.) Truly our town is full of the enemy. There is a sentinel at every corner. Everybody keeps the front door locked, and I make it a point to answer the bell myself, not permitting children or servants to open it.

They have been searching the houses today for arms. We have not been molested. Servants are giving information of all the arms and soldiers who have been concealed.

Visited the wounded prisoners. One poor fellow had his hand amputated today. His name is Gregory. Promised him a shirt tomorrow. Found three or four others suffering immensely from their wounds, the Federal surgeons having neglected to dress them. Went for Dr. Sheffey to attend to them. Gave the major a bouquet and promised him some butter.

(April 13.) Visited the well prisoners at the depot. Our visit seemed to delight and cheer them very much. Many of them asked us to write to their wives and friends, and gave some of their valuables into our keeping. As yet, they have no food, only what we carry them. The wounded officers were removed this evening to the college. One of the prisoners at the depot (Duncan of Louisiana) gave me a little tea bell as a keepsake.

Had a conversation with a Federal officer, Capt. Doughty, in the course of which he remarked that the "Western men who form Mitchell's division are fighting for the right of secession, and whenever we become convinced that the slavery question is involved, we shall lay down our arms and go home."

(April 14.) Some arrests have been made today of prominent Secessionists. Among those were Matt Steele, but they have been released.

Visited the hospital, and was mortified to find that many of our wounded men had taken the oath and were going home. Expressed our mortification and disappointment in the presence of the Federals, and exhorted the others never to do likewise. Those who had not taken the oath said they would die first. The prisoners at the depot refused nearly to a man thus to disgrace themselves, and the ladies openly commended them for it. Some of them have made their escape.

(April 21.) Messrs. Wilson, Bannister and Maghers have returned from Corinth. The latter brought me news from my dear husband. He is well. This is some consolation, yet a letter would have delighted me exceedingly. His absence has always been painful, yet I would not have him here now at the mercy of the enemy. It must be so humiliating to the men—reckon some of them wish they had gone to the war and saved their reputation.

Mr. Wilson has been arrested, not giving the information desired, and has been kept in confinement several days.

Two prisoners at the depot made their escape in this way: they put on Yankee uniforms and walked out of doors, stood awhile and then went back. Whereupon, the guard ordered them out, telling them that "they had no business in there," so they went quietly out and walked up town and made their escape! As soon as it was known, the remainder of the prisoners were hurried off to Camp Chase, Ohio.

(April 28.) General Mitchell has been in a rage all the week on account of the cutting of the telegraph poles and lines, the tearing up of the railroad tracks, firing into trains, and holds the citizens responsible for the same, having had 12 of the most prominent arrested. It is probable that the work of our cavalry has annoyed him excessively, as they are constantly picking off his men.

Great depredations have been committed by the Federal cavalry in the country surrounding Huntsville, and the citizens of Athens have suffered terribly. We are all "prisoners of hope," and are in daily expectancy that Gen. Kirby Smith or Gen. Mor-

gan is coming to our relief. News of an exploit of the latter near Pulaski has reached us. He took a son of Gen. Mitchell prisoner, paroled him, gave him plenty of money, telling him "that his Union money would be of no use to him here," and sent him to his father, asking for the exchange of his brother, Charleston Morgan. Gen. Mitchell was quite surprised at such magnanimity from such a desperado as Morgan.

(May 10.) There has been a small fight at Bridgeport, which the Federals claim as a great victory. They brought down a great many wounded and 41 prisoners, who are in the West Huntsville Methodist church. Have been to see them, carrying them flowers and food. They are a fine looking set of men and, from the account of one of them, they fought bravely against fearful odds. Our Gen. Ledbetter acted cowardly, burning the bridge and running. We have also furnished them with a change of clothes and had their washing done. Rinehart and Clayton are the officers, and are Georgians.

(May 12.) There has been some fighting at Athens. The enemy has brought up some wounded men and taken a few of our men prisoners. One of the Federalists at the hospital told me that our cavalry took an entire company of their men prisoners, including the officers.

Gen. Mitchell has sent Lts. Rhinehart and Clayton and Capts. Byrd and Clare to Gen. Beauregard to effect an exchange of prisoners. I have sent by Capt. Byrd a letter to my husband to assure him of our health and safety, and trust that I shall have the happiness of receiving one in return.

Our officers in the college are now nearly recovered from their wounds and able to walk about, but are not allowed to go beyond the boundaries of its walls. They have received great attention from the ladies, and we are proud that we have such men in our army.

General Mitchell complained that the ladies of Huntsville have given his officers the "cold shoulder" by not having received them into the social circle! Some of the Unionists gave a picnic and invited two of his officers, who accepted and went.

The next day, he had them arrested. Some folks were malicious enough to attribute it to jealousy, because he was not invited himself.

(May 18.) One of the prisoners at the church has died. Major Moore of Cincinnati permitted the prisoners to follow him to the grave without a guard or any Blue Coat except himself. A large concourse of ladies and gentlemen also followed in the procession. Gen. Mitchell and some of his staff were observed to ride out where they could view it. He subsequently told Mrs. E— — —, who called upon him for business, that it was a political demonstration on the part of the ladies of Huntsville.

Col. Harris, with Lt. Rhinehart and others, were assigned this week under flag of truce to effect the exchange of prisoners. They proceeded at once to headquarters. Their noble bearing produced quite a sensation among the citizens. Col. Harris told Gen. Mitchell that he could exchange them till he was ready to cry "enough!" It appears that we took 160 prisoners at Bridgeport.

Mrs. Cowan called for me to accompany her on a visit to Gen. Mitchell. Consented very reluctantly. He received us very politely, and promised to assist Mrs. Cowan in going to Corinth on his way to Memphis. Talked politics to me and complained bitterly of the vindictive feelings entertained by Southerners toward the North.

This week also brought another horse panic. Nearly all of the carriage horses about town were taken. They called to examine Old Henry, but pronounced him too clumsy for cavalry. A great many ladies called on the general to solicit their horses back again, which in most cases was granted.

(May 25.) There has been some fighting at Shelbyville, between our cavalry and the forces sent up from this place, which is reported to have been disastrous to the latter. Many wounded have been brought down, but we are in ignorance as to the facts. Certain it is that there were six burials in one evening, and two or three every day for several days.

(May 26.) Went out with Sue (mother of John R. Fordyce, Hot Springs, Ark.) to spend the day with old Mrs. Lowry. My first visit to the country since the Federals came here. The 33rd Ohio Regiment, Col. Moore, were camped opposite. Some of the men informed Mr. Lowry that Capts. Byrd and Chase were at Decatur, and that Col. Moore had been sent down to receive them.

Came home in the evening and hastened over to the college. Major McDonald and Capt. Means had heard nothing of the report, but, while sitting in the yard in conversation, Fannie D— — — came by and said the train had come in and one of the cars had a white flag on it.

In a few minutes, they rode up and, in a moment, were surrounded by a crowd of women, all asking questions about Corinth and their friends. As usual, I was doomed to disappointment, they not having seen my "better half," he having been on outpost duty when they visited his camp. They left my letter for him but brought no sweet solace in return.

Came home and wrote him another long letter, not guarded in speech like the former, but indulged in freedom as in days of yore. Oh, what delightful sensations were experienced as we closed the seal! But the gentlemen were on parole of honor and afraid to take it, unless I gave promise for it to be read in case of necessity. So I entrusted it to one of their servants. Wonder if he ever got it. They all left for Corinth the next day.

(June 2.) This morning, we were startled by the booming of cannons on the public square and learned conflicting reports as to the object. Some said Richmond and Jeff Davis were taken. But it turned out to be for the death of Major General Smith of the Federal army, who was wounded in the Battle of Corinth (Shiloh) and has since died. There has been a report that Corinth is evacuated by our troops. If true, our confidence in Beauregard leads us to believe that is all right.

(June 9.) There has been some cheering news from Virginia the past week. Something of the kind is needed to revive our drooping spirits, prisoners as we are. We hear no news

but such as comes from the enemy, and that is rarely ever favorable to our side.

There has been some fighting the past week between Gen. Mitchell's men and our cavalry in Jackson county, the result of which is unknown to us. The Federals brought down a great many wounded men, most of whom have since died.

The smallpox has broken out in the army here in the last few days, so that we are literally visited by "pestilence and sword." The yoke is very galling. One day we are buoyed up with hope, and the next, sunk into a state of despair, fearing that the day of deliverance is a long way off.

We heard yesterday that the enemy had gained a great victory at or near Corinth, and that our army was nearly destroyed. We don't believe it, yet feel sad and fearful.

We heard a day or two since that the Federals had burned the house of Mrs. Dillard in Jackson. A story was also circulated to us of her son. A soldier asked for some meat, and he accompanied him to the smokehouse and cut it for him.

When the soldier said it was not enough, young Dillard then gave him the knife and told him to cut it for himself. After the soldier had put down his gun for that purpose, the son seized it and told the other than he was his prisoner. The soldier sent up a loud cry for help, Dillard threatening all the time to bayonet him if he did not hush.

A struggle ensued, in which the Federal was killed and Dillard taken prisoner and carried to Stevenson. Some whisky, deeply drugged with laudanum, was given the guards by Dillard's friends. They partook of it, and naturally enough fell into a deep sleep. Dillard escaped and joined Sterm's cavalry, with which he is now doing service.

Dr. Sheffey vaccinated the children and servants yesterday. We are having strange weather for June—the nights and mornings are cold enough for fires, and the days exceedingly warm. Heard this morning that Mrs. Patterson was under arrest for attempting to convey improper news to her husband.

Gen. Mitchell seems to consider his sojourn among us as permanent. He desires to rent a furnished house, and is going to bring his family here.

Mrs. Cox Turchine has been at Athens with her husband, and when the Athens ladies called upon her, she declined returning their visits, upon the ground that she was among them with her husband as an enemy. Certainly smacks of good taste on her part. They are now in Fayetteville. It is said that she takes long rides in the country every day, accompanied by a guard of soldiers and mounted upon Connie Watkins' famous riding pony.

Mrs. Col. Norton is now at Athens, her husband being provost marshal. The Athens ladies called upon her and she is delighted with the place, contrasting it very unfavorably with Huntsville, where she received little or no attention. Col. Norton was a great favorite here, always acting the gentleman in his discussions with the citizens and, had he not been here as an enemy, he would have been most hospitably treated.

(June 10.) Certain it is the enemy have not yet discovered the whereabouts of Beauregard since the evacuation of Corinth. Gen. Mitchell, upon being interrogated, replied that he had probably "gone up a spout." We have had a great victory at Chickahominy, near Richmond, but learn with the deepest regret of the death of my old friend, Gen. Hattose. Today, we have received the usual amount of bogus news from the Federals. Richmond, Memphis and Fort Pillow have fallen—we disbelieve the two first, but fear there is some truth in the last.

(June 11.) Last night, the guard discovered 50 or 60 negroes at the depot, armed with Enfield rifles, drilling. They were dispersed and some of them taken to jail. Col. Burke, the provost, seems disposed to make the negroes keep their places. Nearly all the troops here are leaving for Chattanooga. Rumor says there has been fighting there, and the Rebel troops have gained a victory.

A funeral procession is passing. A flag is thrown over the coffin. Must belong to the artillery, as there is a cannon in the procession. The band of music from headquarters is playing a

dirge. These funeral processions pass two or three times a day of late, and sometimes there are two cofifns in the hearse at the same time. When a member of the cavalry dies, his horse is led in the procession, as chief mourner, with the blankets and accoutrements of the deceased thrown over him, which looks inexpressibly sad.

The Federal mails were seized yesterday between here and Nashville. The mischief, as usual, was laid to Morgan and Charge.

(June 16.) The enemy have been driven back from Chattanooga with considerable force. There has been quite a dearth of news for the last few days, owing to the cutting off of the mails. News has reached us of a glorious victory in Virginia, which is truly cheering. We are still in suspense as to the whereabouts of Gen. Beauregard's army, and the welfare of those we hold most dear to us.

The Yankees have heard some doleful news. They have some long faces today and keep very quiet. Gen. Mitchell's family have arrived—furniture, bed, table linens and piano were taken from the hotel to furnish the Lanson Clay house for their reception. The statuary and pictures were also taken for that purpose from the Calhoun place. There was a rumor last night that Van Dorn, Price and Breckinridge were advancing on Nashville by way of Chattanooga. Heaven send it may be true!

(June 19, 1862.) Two nights ago, some Federal prisoners, confined in the jail, set it on fire and damaged the building considerably. They said "they would not be confined with negroes, neither did they come here to be put in jail."

Some of the enemy who came here Abolitionists seem to have had a great "change come over the spirit of their feelings." They say that the negro women live like ladies, compared to the poor women of the North, and that they outdress the better class; that the negro men dress better than the poor men of the South, and are a lazy, impudent, no-account set, and they didn't know how Southern people put up with them.

In many instances, the soldiers have treated the blacks in such a manner that the latter have had quite enough of their Abolitionist friends. Others, however, are familiar with them, and some of their officers visit the kitchens and chat familiarly with the women. Many of the negroes have refused to work for their masters and are constantly going to the Federalists.

A rumor this evening that Beauregard's army has gone to Charleston. The Yankees say that he blew a bluff into the Mississippi a few days since. He is a great "boogerboo" to their army.

Great anxiety is felt by friends as to his present locality, and certain it is that his late movements have non-plussed General Halleck and the Lincoln cabinet terribly.

Rumors of another great battle and victory by the Confederates in Virginia and General McClellan killed. When is our great suspense to be relieved and the truth to be known! What would we not give this moment to set eyes on a Rebel newspaper!

(June 20.) Spent the day in the country at Mr. James Robinson's. Saw a Federal regiment go up the railroad about 11 o'clock. Two others passed up the night previous. Wonder where they were going.

On my return home, found a letter from Tennessee assuring me of the health and welfare of my friends and little Davie at Lebanon—a letter! It was brought by a Yankee officer—Lt. Dick of the First Kentucky Cavalry.

This has been rather an eventful day. Miss Lallie Matthews and Miss Row Webster were arrested this morning and carried before Gen. Mitchell for having attached Confederate flags to their grace hoop and playing with them when his soldiers were passing. Quite a spirited interview took place.

The general asked Miss Matthews if she were a Rebel. She replied that she was one "over and above board." Then he retorted, "How dare you tell me this in my tent?" When the audience was over, he said to them, "Women, go home and behave yourselves. Henceforth, I shall keep an eye on you and know all that you do!"

Saw a Federal account this evening of the Battle of Seven Pines before Richmond. The slaughter was terrible. How many brave hearts have fallen! O, when will this dreadful war be over! And how many weary days, weeks and perhaps months will lapse before we can know who of our friends are among the slain!

We are very carefully guarded here so that we know nothing that is passing without, and very little within. All that we hear is rumor, rumor, rumor, with her thousand tongues. And we might add, a very small quantity of bacon.

(June 21.) The train was again fired into in Jackson county today, and 10 men killed and three or four wounded. A gentleman up there sent Gen. Mitchell word that he need not be punishing private citizens for these things, that he knew the Jackson county people had suffered too much already, and that he (Mitchell) had burned the house of a widow a few days since, and the men of Jackson intended to avenge it. He said they had formed themselves into two bands for that purpose and, as they were cut off from the army, they intended to stay there and aggravate him all they could.

When the news reached General Mitchell, he sent up a body of men with orders to burn every house in Jackson near the railroad between here and Stevenson.

They were met by the other party under flag of truce, saying that they (the Confederates) had about 50 Yankee prisoners in their hands and, for every house burned, they would hang a man. Whereupon, the general countermanded the order.

(June 25.) An order has been given today that, if the stockholders of the new hotel do not take the oath of allegiance to the U. S. within three days, the hotel will be taken into the hands of the Federalists. Also provisions are forbidden to be brought to town, or passes given, except on the above conditions.

Heard today that James Dassion was killed in the battle of Richmond. Also General Martin.

(June 26.) This has been the most delightful morning of the season, for it has brought happenings to some. Mr. Fifer brought me news from my husband. He also brought me a letter, but, falling into the hands of the Federalists yesterday, he had to destroy it. A matter to be regretted, yet it is happiness to know that he is well and safe, after being kept so long in a state of most agonizing suspense.

As we are so soon to be cut off from provisions, ordered Uncle Tom to shell some corn and take it to the mill. He went to the provost marshal for a pass, and was told to bring an order from his master. He went to C. W. for that purpose and got one. On presenting it, he was told to tell his young master to come there.

The master refused to go, so Eddie was sent, with instructions to "state the case politely and ask Col. Burke for a pass." He was kindly received by the latter, and told to come after dinner and he should have one. In the meantime, C. W., not knowing Eddie had been and reconsidering the matter, presented himself at the office. No one was there but the clerk, who told him to sign the oath and he could get one, at the same time talking very nicely to him.

Of course, the honor was declined. Dinner being over, Eddie went according to appointment, but unfortunately found no one there except the said clerk. On hearing his name, the clerk said to him, "O, yes! Your brother has been here, and I intend to report him severely for his conduct this evening. Go home and tell him to come to me immediately." Of course, this honor was declined also.

(June 28.) Mr. Stone of Nashville called this morning at the request of Mrs. Elliott of Nashville. He has been sent south by Governor Johnson for refusing to take the oath and is waiting for a pass from Gen. Mitchell. Generals Buell, McCook and Johnson, with a part of their army, arrived this evening. Their destination not known, but supposed to be Chattanooga. Rumors that Gen. Buell is to succeed Gen. Mitchell at this place.

(June 30.) Heard today that Mr. Hope Turney had been brought in a prisoner, suffering with rheumatism and nothing

to sleep on. Although an entire stranger, resolved to go and see him. Sent for Mrs. Mayhew to accompany me and we went to the courthouse to get a pass, which was reluctantly given. Found all the gentlemen glad to see me, practically all, and particularly Mr. Turney and Mr. Hollin, a relative of Sue and Jennie, and more particularly an imprisoned Yankee with whom we had a conversation, and who became a warm friend. He had been suffering with typhoid fever, had been much neglected, and a few words of kindness and sympathy won his heart at once.

News came today confirming the death of Gus Mastin, also of another great victory at Richmond.

(July 1.) Visited the prisoners again today, carrying them all some dinner, including the Federalist, who is from Ohio. Found Mr. Turney not so well. Came home and sent him a bed, which was kindly furnished by Mrs. Harris. The neighbors also assisted me in providing the dinner.

Heard today of another glorious victory at Charleston. Mrs. Mayhew and Mr. Stone took tea here. The latter leaves in the morning under flag of truce for Chattanooga, having got a pass from Gen. Buell.

Gen. Mitchell left last night for Washington. It is rumored that Gen. Buell did not approve of the course he had pursued toward the citizens here and his management of things generally, and that the former had resigned and gone to Washington to be court-martialed. Wonder if it's true. News from Richmond confirmed.

(July 4.) All is quiet. No booming of cannon disturbed the quiet of our slumbers this morning to celebrate the National Independence. The Feds wear long faces today owing to the news from Richmond.

(Noon.) They have just fired 34 guns. And say the news is not so bad as they thought.

Miss Maria Robinson spent the day with us, bringing a nice present of apples and butter. Mr. Matt Keite made me a present of a nice load of hay. Bless his kind, generous heart!

Dr. Nedman called this morning at the request of Mr. Turney to get me to find him a private house at which to stay. Dr. Fearn has partly promised. Mr. Turney is suffering terribly from inflammatory rheumatism, and the doctor is trying to get him paroled.

(Night.) Sue and Eddie are gone out to Mr. Robinson's. A little after night, our ears were greeted with tremendous shouts from the direction of the camps. What can it mean?

(July 5.) Quite sick this morning. After breakfast, Mrs. Mayhew came in to tell me that she was heartsick, that a little after the shouting last night, a Federalist came running down to her house to tell her that his colonel had just read out to the regiment that Richmond had fallen, the Rebel army was all cut to pieces and had fallen back eight miles from the city, that all the officers had been requested to read the above to the Federal regiments, posted here. Don't believe a word of it.

Such is th crying resorted to keep up the spirits of the soldiers.

Mrs. Gen. Norton called to tell me of an opportunity to write to W. D. (her husband). Eddie has come home and says there are 15,000 of Buell's troops camped on the creek back of Mr. Robinson's. Reported to be on their way to Chattanooga.

They have taken the seminary today for a hospital. Truly this neighborhood has its share of them.

The Mitchells (Gen. Mitchell's family) are left here in the care of Mrs. Judge Lane. They seem to be enjoying themselves in the enemy's country. Yesterday, they took a trip to the mountain. Dashed by here in two carriages, with Yeate Lane and Mrs. Clemens, right in front of the funeral procession of a poor soldier who was shot while on picket duty.

(July 6.) The bad news from Richmond is not yet confirmed. It is really tantalizing the state of suspense we have to remain in before we can get the truth. Wash Donegan brought me a letter from Dave this morning. These letters, so rare, are getting to be priceless treasures. Little Dave is well

and happy. They have not heard a word from me, although I have written some three weeks since.

(July 7.) Sent a letter today by Dr. Dement to W. D. Also one through the kindness of Major Moore to Cincinnati to Dave. News of the great victory at Richmond fully confirmed. Everybody looks happy except the Feds, who wear long faces. Confederate money going up. Mr. Turney has been moved to Judge Lane's, which will prevent his friends visiting him.

(July 8.) Gen. Smith takes Gen. Mitchell's place here, and thus far has been more indulgent to the citizens. We went to see Mr. Turney this morning, but was refused admittance.

(July 9.) Dr. Hudson and Mr. Holland took tea with us. Informed us that nine houses had been burned in Jackson county today. Our cavalry in that region is annoying them dreadfully. A large amount of cotton has been taken and destroyed today between here and Fayetteville by our cavalry.

(July 10.) This day has been made memorable by the departure of the family of Gen. Mitchell. Joy go with them!

(July 11.) Went out to Mrs. White's today for blackberries, taking Eddie, Georgie and Jimmy Mayhew with me. Passed a camp and three sets of pickets on the road. Spent a delightful day and came home loaded with berries, apples, eggs and honey, the two latter a present from Miss Cassie.

Mrs. Bradford called in just at dark to tell me that news had just come that Jesse Jordan, Willie Heklin and a son of Chambers Steele were all killed before Richmond. There is news also that our armies are marching on Nashville. If so, "now is the day of our deliverance at hand."

(July 14.) Mrs. Mayhew and I took a ride this evening out to Mrs. James Robinson. We came in just ahead of a portion of Gen. Buell's army who are apparently moving towards Nashville. The division occupied nearly two hours in passing. Heard today that our troops had retaken Murfreesboro.

(July 17.) There have now been no mails for three days. Rumor afloat that Nashville, Columbia and Shelbyville are retaken. Visited Lieut. Coffee in his prison this evening and learned tidings from W. D. He was on his march, two weeks since, in this direction.

Went with Mrs. Bradford and Mrs. Gooch to visit Gen. Rosseau at headquarters. Were very cordially received and agreebly entertained. The general is a handsome, fine looking man. He spoke very strongly on the Union question and especially of our "rattlesnake government," as he was pleased to call it. Judge Lane and Jere Clemens coming in, we immediately took leave. As we were leaving, we met Gen. Buell and, having a curiosity to see him, took a good look at him, a small gray-headed man. Gen. Rousseau, being so large, perhaps made him appear smaller in comparison. Did not get a good look at his features.

(July 18.) Visited Gen. Rousseau again this morning in company with Mrs. Cowan and Mrs. Van Horton to ask permission for them to go out of the Federal lines, which was immediately and cordially granted. Had a most pleasant interview and came away more pleased with him than we thought it possible to be with any Federal officer. Rumor about the taking of Nashville unfounded.

(July 19.) Went again this morning very reluctantly to see Gen. Rousseau with Mrs. Jim Ned Horton to ask for a pass for her to leave his lines, which was granted without hesitation. He also gave me a general pass to go when and where I pleased. Sue also called on him with Mrs. Scott Robinson to ask for the release of the Robinson boys and the Christians, which was also granted.

Dr. Ross was arrested this evening on account (it is alleged) of a war sermon he preached last Sunday. Proved the accusations false, but was ordered to prison, as he would not promise to keep his tongue. Upon Mrs. Ross' solicitations, was paroled for the night.

John is very strangely affected tonight. The doctor thinks it is a chill. Hope it is not congestive.

(July 20.) This has been a sad day. Clara has been sick, and poor little John has been in a state of collapse for hours and died about dark. Drs. Sheffey and Leftwich were both called in, and everything has been done that could be done, but all in vain. Corinna takes it quite hard.

(July 21.) Today is the anniversary of the Battle of Manassas. It brings up sad memories in the hearts of many.

Little John was buried this evening, and we miss him sadly.

This has been a day of news, but whether reliable or not, is another question. We hear of the presentation of cannons, et cetera, to the Southern Confederacy from the Liverpool merchants. Also that there has been another battle in Virginia, in which we were victorious. Also at Battle Creek, where it is said we took 2,000 prisoners, and one at Mud Creek, where Gen. Mitchell's famous bridge of cotton bales was burned, two companies taken prisoners and one cannon. It is also rumored that Corinth is retaken. Heaven send it all may be true! Gossip adds that Gen. Buell is ordered to Washington to answer to the charges against Gen. Mitchell.

(July 23.) Made my first visit to Monte Sano this morning, in company with Mrs. Bradford and Mrs. Figures, with Willie Gale and Joe Bradford for an escort. Rode old Henry in true equestrian style. Mrs. Figures rode a mule. Passed the pickets just beyond the tollgate. They viewed us with a great deal of curiosity, but declined looking at our passes.

Bushwhacked about on the top of the mountain and spent a couple of hours with Mrs. Toney, who is rusticating up there, and returned home about dinner time. As we passed the house of Dr. Wilkinson, the Federal band was there serenading.

A most laughable occurrence took place this evening. The Redman family, who keep a little bakery here, got into a fuss with the Yankees and, while one of the latter was in deadly conflict with Mr. Redman, Mrs. Redman took another by the collar and made him "see sights." The Misses Redman cried, "Havoc!", and let fly the rocks, with the most undaunted brav-

ery. Every volley told on the enemy, about 25 strong, till one of the misses saw the provost guard heave in sight. She exclaimed, "Thank God! Here is the guard!" The foe retired heels foremost by the Big Spring.

Mrs. Jordan arrived this evening from Richmond with the body of her son, who fell at Mechanicsville. She brought the news of the death of Tom Patton and Willie Acklin.

(July 24.) The funeral of Jesse Jordan took place this evening. There were 50 carriages in the procession. The Federalists stood at every corner, and many of them at the grave, and looked on with much curiosity. There is a great deal of sickness here among the latter, and there are five or six burials daily.

(July 25.) Very busy today fixing off Jennie, who is going to Fayetteville with Brother DeWitt. Went to Gen. Rousseau's tent with Willie for a pass, which was kindly and cordially granted. They got off at 5 o'clock for Meridianville.

(Sunday, July 27, 1862.) Went to hear Dr. Ross preach this morning. Text: "I am not mad, most noble Felix, but speak forth the words of truth." A most excellent discourse followed—first sermon since his arrest.

After speaking before Gen. Rousseau two or three times and maintaining his finesse, and "proving his points" with that gentleman, he (Ross) was not further molested. Gen. Rousseau thus far has been very kind to the citizens and has made a very favorable impression, as has Gen. Buell, to the great dissatisfaction of his soldiers.

Took Georgie and Clara this evening and went out to see Mrs. Vincent. She is very low and can last but a few days. Real glad to see me, and said her heart desire was to see W. D. (Mrs. Chadick's husband) before she died.

In going out, we passed a Federal camp beyond the depot. They had 75 pieces of artillery and looked quite formidable.

Some of the vulgar horde were in the creek, bathing right in the ford. Others were roasting corn in abundance plundered from the neighboring fields, which are already nearly stripped of their crop.

Seven thousand of Buell's army passed tonight toward Stevenson. They plundered and destroyed as they came all the way from Tuscumbia, "in revenge," as they said, for an attack at Courtland from some of our men, in which they had one killed and 12 wounded.

(July 28.) Last night, the Federals burned Whitesburg, leaving the women and children houseless and homeless. The light of the conflagration was distinctly seen from here.

Richmond was taken again tonight.

(July 30.) Received a present of flour and butter from Mrs. James Robinson yesterday. Another sack of flour today from Mrs. John Robinson, and some salt from Mr. Stoddard. Truly I have some kind friends in Huntsville.

Georgie Saunders arrived last night from our army and says relief is at hand, that the advanced guard of Price's army is at Tuscumbia. "Ye Gods, speed it on its way."

(August 2.) Mrs. Dillard, who suffered so severely at the hands of the Yankees (her son killed a Federal soldier who had come to raid the smokehouse), came down day before yesterday to see Generals Buell and Rousseau to get restitution. Failed, of course. She made her stay with me and left this morning.

Mrs. Vincent died night before last and was buried yesterday evening. On my way out was favored with another sight of the bathers, who, when I got sufficiently near, turned a few somersaults for my benefit.

The enemy is in our midst. Must have heard some news this morning. They commenced erecting fortifications and have been pressing blacks all the morning to work upon them.

R. M. Brickell, who went away with Mrs. Walker, returned a day or two since and was immediately arrested and is still in "durance vile." Why did he not go to the army, when once away from here!

(Night.) He has been released. The Federal generals have been holding a council of war this evening. Wonder what is to pay? There is a rumor that our army is advancing. Fearful it is not true.

(August 4.) The Yankees are using the negroes today by the wholesale, and have commenced their fortifications around the town. Patton's Hill is being fortified, as it commands the town.

Five hundred blacks were sent off on the train this morning toward Nashville to erect fortifications. There is a great panic among the negroes. But few are willing to go, and they are running and hiding generally.

They (the Yankees) are talking largely about burning the town, and if the "low-down pirates" are left to do as they please, they would soon sack and burn it. An officer said the other day that these people were too pampered in their pride, and he would like to see some of their fine houses destroyed.

Another pirate said that he liked to stay in Huntsville amazingly, that we have so many delicacies, and the climate is no warmer than in the North.

A party of them went to the house of the Widow Scruggs last week, and, after robbing the place of every peach, melon and turkey, they returned again in large numbers and surrounded the house, knowing that there were no whites on the place except three ladies.

They (the women) bolted the doors and windows, and ran upstairs for safety, while the brutes, aided by three negroes, uttering the vilest language, accompanied with curses and imprecations, clamored for admittance. A neighbor, seeing what was going on, started a servant on horseback to the courthouse, and

an officer and guard soon made their appearance, whereupon the wretches dispersed and, of course, escaped punishment.

There is a negro colonel walking around town today as large as life. His regiment is said to be above here on the railroad. So they are arming the blacks. Truly their course must have become desperate.

Heard an anecdote today on one of the Misses Malones of Athens, which is worth relating. One of her friends had been taken prisoner and kept standing tied to a tree all night. She was very indignant and went to Gen. Nelson to remonstrate. Her language was severe, to which the general retorted in good humor and finally told her that she "talked like she had the mania petu." She replied, "I expect I have, for I have heard that in that disease they see blue devils, and I have seen nothing else since the 12th of April." And added that she would be glad to be rid of the disease.

(August 6.) Matt Steele was arrested yesterday on the old charge of pulling Wilson, the tailor's, whiskers, for being civil to a Federal officer. Gen. Rousseau treated it as a very grave offense and an insult to the U. S. government, and asked him "if he did not know that it was a very cowardly act." Mr. Steele replied that he thought it was, as Mr. Wilson did not resent it.

Gen. Rousseau remarked among other things, and accompanied by an oath, that they "had got us down and would trot us through, and when we got them down, we could trot them through."

Mr. Steele added that he did not object to the fairness of the thing, but thought it rather hard that he should have the first trotting. His case is yet to be disposed of.

(August 7.) Accompanied Mrs. Watkins to see Mrs. Jere Clemens to ask her to intercede with Col. Burke for Dr. Hadden, who was arrested on a charge of throwing a brick bat on a moonlight night at Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and Col. and Mrs. Burke, who were at the town spring. Dr. Hadden was arrested from

the fact of his sleeping near the scene, and was found in bed and fast asleep at the time. He is a plain, unassuming gentleman, incapable of such an act. She promised to use her influence to get him a hearing, or have him released.

(August 8.) The trains were again fired into last night, between Elkton and Pulaski. Gen. Rousseau declared that he intends to make Drs. Ross and Bannister (Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers, respectively) run the trains, as they are prepared to die, and his men are not.

Spent the day with Mrs. Watkins, in company with Mrs. Powers. Mr. Fennel's cotton burned last night. Supposed to be work of his own negroes.

Several houses were burned in Jackson county yesterday. Also several markets, among them Mrs. Vincent's, Mr. Crutcher's, Mr. Spragins', Mr. Sledge's and Mr. Word's. They kicked Mrs. Word out of doors and slapped Miss Anna's jaws.

It is rumored that Bragg's division has gone to Chattanooga. I know not where W. D. is, or when I shall again hear from him. The suspense is dreadful. Heard yesterday of the death of his mother, but learned of no particulars, as the news was brought by a negro.

(August 11.) Yesterday evening was all excitement. The picket came tearing into town, saying that there was a large force of the Confederates in the neighborhood of Bird Spring. Nearly all the troops in town were sent out to meet them and drawn up in battle array. It proved to be a false report.

The citizens are a good deal excited, alternately hoping and fearing that deliverance is at hand, fearing that, in case of a battle here, our beautiful town should be destroyed. Matters are evidently working toward a crisis, and our cavalry are closing in all around us. We could be patient, were it not for our great anxiety to see and hear from W. D. If the coast were clear, I think we could soon effect a meeting. We cannot even hear where Bragg's division of the army is at present located.

Still pressing negroes for stockading the town. The latter say they are regularly drilled every day before commencing their labors. Can it be true that they are going to arm them!

(August 12.) Spent the day with Mrs. James Robinson. About dinner time, a body of cavalry came tearing by in pursuit of some guerrilla they had heard was in the neighborhood. Of course, they did not find him.

The picket was bribed in the evening, and several horses and mules were taken by the Confederates from the Federals. Mr. Robinson came home and said he wanted some of his finest fruit gathered for Gen. Rousseau, as he wanted to show his appreciation for having been particularly kind to him, and as he had to go to his plantation, Miss Queeny and myself must receive him and present the fruit.

Waited until towards night, and as he did not come home, I returned. Brother Mitchell called soon after my return to tell me that he had a pass to go to the army in search of his son, and would take a letter to W. D. if I would get Gen. Rousseau to indorse it. Wrote a long letter.

(August 18.) Breakfast half an hour earlier this morning and, taking Sue and Georgia, proceeded to headquarters with my letter. Was kindly received and the letter indorsed, although I rather suspect from the length of his absence in another tent, that he made himself acquainted with its contents.

Went from there to Mrs. Buckell's to see Brother Mitchell, thence to a ladies' auction at Mrs. Weaver's. Heard that W. D. was in Richmond for his commission as colonel of a regiment of cavalry.

The ladies of Huntsville received a message from Major McDonald, who is at Battle Creek, through the Yankee courier. News today of the taking of Gallatin by John Morgan. Also of a glorious victory at Gordonsville (Va.) by Stonewall Jackson.

(August 14.) Gens. Buell and Rousseau reported to be in great ferment when they heard this morning of the great vic-

tory in Virginia. Jennie returned this morning from Fayetteville, much pleased with her visit. Reports that both Federals and Confederates are alternately occupying the town.

(August 15.) News today of the taking of Baton Rouge by Breckinridge's forces and the exploits of the ram, Arkansas. Gen. Buell's ill humor yesterday was caused by Gen. McCook allowing our forces to cross the river somewhere above here. Buell's telegraphed to him not to suffer them to cross. He replied that they were crossing, and he could not help it.

Corinna got into one of her rages this morning, whereupon I sent for Mr. Franks (constable), when she suddenly disappeared. Supposition is that she has gone to the Federals.

They are playing the mischief with the negroes, and the poor ignorant creatures don't know which way to turn, or who are their real friends. The Yankees can be seen at the corners, in the alleys, in confidential chats with them.

Four days later (Sunday); Corinna has returned and says she did not go to the Federals, but stayed with an old woman at the depot. She makes very fair promises and seems truly ashamed of her conduct.

Granville has been observed to be very intimate with the Yankees and, for the last two or three days, his conduct has been suspicious. Communicated my suspicions to his master yesterday. Today, he and Vienna are missing with all their plunder. Tonight finds me heart-sick and yearning for the society of W. D. Wonder where the dear fellow is tonight!

Young Isaac Coles was arrested yesterday upon asking for a pass to go to his mother's plantation in Jackson county. The presumption was that he was going to join the guerrillas.

Dr. Fearn was asked to sign a paper denouncing guerrilla warfare and to effect his release, which he refused. Dr. Fearn accompanied his mother to Capt. Ward (assistant provost). She told the latter gentleman that the boy was too young and had no such intentions and that he did right not to sign the paper, as that kind of warfare was recognized by our government.

"Your government! What government?" was the query. "The Confederate government," was the reply. Whereupon, he was ordered out of the presence of the august captain and, on his return home, received a note to consider himself under arrest, and not to leave the limits of his own gate, by order of Lt. Col. Burke, provost marshal.

(August 19.) Vienna and Granville left on the train Sunday for parts unknown. Mr. Sledge kindly called this morning and offered me a servant to assist in washing every week. Mrs. I. G. Wilson also offered me assistance. Vienna helped herself to a nice carpetbag and Eddie's money. Granville also acted the rascal, borrowing and collecting money due his master and putting it in his own pocket.

(August 20.) Mrs. Bradford left for Mississippi this morning. Went to the bank and drew $50 for the benefit of the widow of Mr. Moore, who served at the hospital, and took it to her. She seemed very grateful.

Went from there to Mr. Gordon, to see if he had heard anything from Vienna or Granville. He had written to Columbia to have them arrested should they go that way. Mr. Trotman called this evening and advised me to write to some friend in Nashville to put the police on the watch for them.

Mr. Donnegan called to tell me that he had heard from W. D., and that he had resigned his position as lieutenant colonel and gone to some springs for his health. Feel great anxiety about him. His regiment was 10 miles from Chattanooga.

(August 24.) Great stir in town today among soldiers. The 10th Ohio, "the heroes of Carnifax," have moved their camps up by the graveyard, and we now have all the Federal force in our neighborhood. They appear to be moving their sick and stores, and the rattling of the wagon wheels along the streets is terrible to one with the headache.

(Noon.) Mr. Coltart, the mayor, has just called me to tell us that the Federals will evacuate our town at 4 o'clock this

afternoon, and no matter how great our joy is upon the occasion, no demonstration must be made on our part while it is going on.

Gen. Lightte sent for him and requested him to tell the citizens this, as he could not be answerable for the conduct of the troops when leaving. He had received kindness from the hands of the citizens, and did not wish them to be molested. We have heard of people being intoxicated with joy. That is precisely our condition at the present. As night approaches, many of them appear to be drunk. From present appearances, they will not get off tonight.

(August 25.) We hoped to wake this morning and find the enemy gone, but no such good news. The work of evacuation is still going on, and they say they will leave this evening.

Mrs. Fackler has just called and says Judge Lane and family got off yesterday, taking Gen. Rousseau's sick son with them, also Mr. Larcomb and family. They all rode to the depot in a wagon, such was their panic. They were looking for our forces every hour yesterday. There is a rumor prevailing today that the train they were on was captured.

(4 o'clock.) Good heavens; What a sinking heart! The order for going has been countermanded, and they are actually pitching their tents. They are rejoicing, and shouts are going up in every direction. Disappointment is the lot of all, and we must try to endure it a little longer.

We were fondly dreaming that W. D. could now come to his home and spend the remainder of his furlough with us. The Reds say they are ordered to remain until Rosecrans comes up. There is another rumor that Price has whipped them badly at Tuscumbia. The excitement and disappointment together make us ready to go to bed. We are actually sick.

(August 28.) And go to bed we did, where we have been ever since, with a most terrible nervous headache. We are needing rain badly. Since we have had the addition of the "Ohio 3rd" and the "bloody 10th" in our neighborhood, we are in danger of death by suffocation.

Their rattling wagons and clattering of hoofs ring on the ear from morning till night. They ride their poor steeds to desperation and never go any place slower than a gallop.

Last night, the Federal band serenaded the Misses Lewis. The first morning of our illness, Mrs. John Robinson called and brought me a present of two nice hams. Mrs. James Robinson also sent me corn and fruit.

Gen. Rousseau has left, and Gen. Lightte is in command. There is news that Judge Lane and party arrived safely in Nashville.

(August 29.) Corinna is sick today. Had to cook for the entire family, being the only well person on the place who knows how to make a biscuit. Sue and Jennie ironed and cleaned up the house—a foretaste of what we will have to go through with when the rebellion is quashed, and the wonderful "Yankee nation" gets possession of "Niggerdom."

My kind friend, Mrs. John Robinson, gave me a cartload of green corn today for the purpose of drying for the Winter. Great stir among the Feds this morning. Perhaps they are going to leave us at last. It is certain the 15th Kentucky, camped at Green Academy, are cooking rations.

Georgie and Uncle Tom just came from Mrs. Robinson's with the corn, and say that the Feds have barricaded the pike and are looking for an immediate attack from our cavalry.

(August 31.) Awoke a little after midnight by the sound of heavy tramping of feet, the sound of voices, uttering the most dreadful curses, the rattling of wagons in the street. Sprang out of bed and looked through the shutters to see what it meant, when, lo and behold, it was the Lincoln army making their anxiously wished for exit from Huntsville. Could hardly believe it, so joyful the thought.

All the children were up and in a state of great excitement. Joined them on the back porch to look at lurid glares of fires burning in different directions, fearing they had set fire to some

parts of the town. Learned since that it was corn, meat and other articles being destroyed to prevent them from falling into our hands.

This is like the Sabbath morning we once enjoyed, except that there is a perfect rush by the negroes to the different camps to bring away the plunder, and the people cannot suppress their joy.

(2 o'clock.) Learned that the army, as they marched out on the pike, took all of James Robinson's negroes but one. Frank Gurley has been in and arrested Gen. Hickman and John King, and gone again. Returned at 5 o'clock with a company of cavalry. A perfect crowd of ladies and gentlemen rushed to the square to greet them, and Capt. Gurley was literally crowned with wreaths of ivy and flowers. Some Feds, who had been out on picket duty, came in, not having received notice that their army was going to leave, and gave themselves up.

(September 1.) All my thoughts, feelings and ideas are centered in the return of W. D. O, if he could just learn that the coast is clear! Am terribly uneasy lest his furlough should be out before he hears it.

There has been some Confederate cavalry in town today. They arrested the Federal sick, who were left in the hospitals, and shut up some of the Jew stores, who had been purchasing goods from the Feds.

Visited with Mrs. Mayhew the hospital at the Calhoun house, and was struck with the extreme neatness of the place, and the attention to the comfort and cleanliness of the sick. Was greatly interested in a young Philadelphian who is very sick of typhus fever. He is on Buell's staff. He drew his Bible from under his pillow to show us his mother's picture. A beautiful and interesting face she had. I shall visit him again. Our visits seem to cheer all the poor fellows, who are now left at the mercy of strangers and foes.

(July, 1863.) Another eventful year has passed. Bragg has fallen back from his strong position at Tullahoma to Chat-

tanooga, and we are again exposed to the incursions of a ruthless foe.

All is excitement and consternation. Many families and parts of families are leaving for the other side of the Tennessee river. W. D. (Mrs. Chadick's husband) is determined that we shall go, too, has ordered all to pack up, and is seeking conveyance. Such is the panic that every vehicle is chartered.

Being sick in bed, there is no alternative but to leave myself and the younger children and two servants behind. It appears to me the best plan is for all to stay, except Col. Chadick and weather the storm, whatever it may be. The country on the other side of the river is filled with refugees, and the means of living is very scarce and high.

Col. Chadick and the young ladies, with Clara and a servant, left this evening for the Cove, until they can find a place to cross the river, for the crowds at the fords are so great that some have been detained there several days. Mrs. Richardson gave $500 this evening to be sent across, with her carriage and one wagon, at Whitesburg.

(Two days later.) Another panic. News this morning that the Yankees are at Bell Factory and will be here in two hours. Sent a servant with a horse to Col. Chadick with the news. Proved a false alarm.

(Sunday.) News that the Feds are certainly on the way here. Everybody is hiding their silver and valuables, and dreading we know not what. Anxiety and dread is upon every countenance.

(Monday.) At daybreak, a servant enters my room with the announcement that the town is full of Blue Coats. All are up and hastily dressed. Ah, there goes two of them pursuing two Confederate soldiers. One of them (the Confederates) fired upon his pursuer. They escape.

The enemy numbers about 5,000 and are under Gen. (David S.) Stanley. The town is upset. The Misses Pram being absent,

this general and his staff have taken their house for headquarters, commanding the servants, using the provisions left in the house, drinking the wine in the cellar, using the bedding, table linen, et cetera. Such presumption!

(Tuesday.) They are stealing all the negro men and confining them in the seminary building. Seventy have just passed by under a strong guard. All the good horses are also being taken.

(Two days later.) The wagon and wagoners are all camped beside us, close to our garden fence. They behave well and have not troubled us in the least. Negro stealing still progresses.

News today that Col. Chadick was at Whitesburg with a small fortification and preparing to dispute the passage of the river, should the enemy attempt it at that place. They had a little skirmish yesterday across the river and the Yankees ran. There are a great many surmises in regard to the length of thir stay.

(Sunday.) Such a scene! While the negroes were all assembled at church, the Yankees surrounded the building and, as the men came out, seized them. Such a scare as it gives them. Some got away and succeeded in hiding from their pursuers. Others were run down by those on horseback. The black women were running in every direction, hunting their husbands and children. It is really heart-rending to a looker-on. These are their friends—the Abolitionists!

(Monday.) Can it be! The Blue Coats are actually leaving. Our joy is mixed with sorrow to see them taking with them several hundred valuable servants and horses. Mr. Boswell, a paroled Rebel prisoner, dines with us. They have taken away his parole and will take him off with them. The servants have gathered two bushels of corn left by the wagoners.

(Tuesday.) Last night, Mr. Boswell made his escape a few miles from here and has returned. Being without money,

the ladies have supplied him with clothes and a horse. My contribution was a saddle. He will soon be safe in Dixie.

The colonel came into town after dark and stayed an hour with us. Borrowed Willie Harris' pony to take him as far as the plantation. From there, he had to walk two or three miles and carry his baggage. Truly, the poor soldiers have a hard time.

(Two weeks later, August 14.) The enemy, 300 strong, under Major Stewart, made another raid into Huntsville. Captured a few soldiers and several horses. A few negroes left with these.

(One week later.) Another raid under Col. McCook. Came while we were at breakfast. Uncle Tom went to the spring to water his horse, not knowing they were in town, and they took the animal from him. Tom started telling them how old he (the horse) was and so on, when a "loyal" citizen stepped forth and told the Federals that he was one of the best pulling horses in town, that he had once owned him and that he would do first rate for artillery or a wagon horse.

Notwithstanding his loyalty, they took the three best horses he had before they left. Sent Eddie before dinner to the provost, Captain McCormick, to ask for him (the horse), but he told Eddie the matter would have to be investigated.

About 11 o'clock, the door bell rang and, upon opening the door, Major Stewart and a lieutenant and five other Federals presented themselves.

"We have come to search your house, madam."

"For what purpose?" I asked.

"For soldiers, madam."

"Your search will be fruitless, for I assure you upon the honor of a lady that there are no soldiers concealed here."

"But you will not object to the search?"

"Certainly not, sir, but I should greatly prefer that you should take my word for it."

"I wish we could, madam, but it is your husband. Soldiers, make a thorough investigation."

I told him that I did not know upon whose information they were making the search, whether white or black, but was happy to inform them that my husband was safe over the river some 10 days since.

"My authority, madam, was white. We don't take black."

Taking little Mary upon his lap, he asked her if she was afraid of Yankees.

"No, sir," she said, "not when they talk right."

Then, turning to me, he said, "Perhaps some of his command are hidden here."

I said, "He has no command."

Whereupon, the lieutenant made a step forward and, looking me right in the eye, asked, "Is he not a lieutenant colonel?"

I took no notice of him, but, turning to Major Stewart, said, "My husband is acting as staff officer to General Shortes with the rank of colonel, and a year ago was lietuenant colonel of the 26th Alabama Regiment, and the year previous, he served in the Army of Virginia."

The soldiers reported that they found no one. They then adjourned to Colonel Harris', searching his house thoroughly and telling him that a white man had told them that Colonel Chadick was concealed in his cellar. After dinner, some of my friends advised me to go myself and ask for the horse.

We found Captain McCormick's office occupied by three or four Union men. Governor Chapman was also present on business.

Upon stating the case to Captain McCormick, he said, "Mrs. Chadick, your case is somewhat different."

"Why, what have I done?" I asked.

"Nothing, madam, but your husband has."

Upon this allusion to my husband, I was a good deal excited and, although I knew to keep down my emotions, my eyes would fill with tears. Said I, "My husband is a patriot and acts upon principle. He is not like some men you find here in Huntsville—one thing when your army comes along and another when the Rebel army is present. He is a consistent man and, as a soldier, you ought to respect him for it."

"I do, madam, I honor him for it and have very little use for any other sort of a man, but when your army invades the North, you will try to cripple us all you can in taking property, horses, et cetera. So with us when we come here, and as your husband has taken an active part in the war, he must expect to suffer with others. Besides, we have been informed today that your husband has sent off nearly all his property."

"You have been informed, sir, of what is not true," I replied. "I have nothing to conceal. We have sent off some bedding and other articles, with the expectation of moving, and my husband has taken away his fine saddle horse. Had it been his horse you took today, I should never have asked for it, but you do not make war upon women. The horse I asked for belongs to me and I value him chiefly because he is old and gentle, and I can drive him myself in a buggy."

"Well, madam, I wish I could give you your horse, but orders are so strict that I cannot transgress them."

I thanked him and told him that I did not wish him to do anything that would interfere with his sense of duty. He followed me out of the room and urged me to go to Colonel McCook as he was certain he would let me have the horse.

The headquarters of McCook were in the house of Dr. Patton. The colonel received me very politely and said, "Mrs. Chadick, I have this moment received a note from Captain McCormick, asking me to come and look at your horse, and if it is in my power, I will restore him to you. I was just about to start."

He then entered into conversation, and Mrs. Ross asked him where he was from. He said it was Stubensville, Ohio. I remarked that I had once lived in that town.

"What was your name before you were married?" he asked.

"Miss Cook," I told him.

"Not Miss McCook?" he asked, and said that he expected I dropped the Mc when I came South. I laughingly repelled the charge, and he resumed the questions.

"Did you have three brothers, Dave, George and Pard?" I nodded.

"Did you not have a sister, Jane?"

I replied that that was my name.

"I thought your countenance was strangely familiar to me. When a boy, you kept me from being put in jail, and I have never forgotten you."

I remembered him very well, but had forgotten the circumstances. He soon recalled it to my recollection. A funeral procession was passing, when several little boys, himself and one of my brothers among the number, got into a fuss and made a great noise in the street. It was near the jail. The constable came out and was going to shut them all up in it, to frighten and punish them. I was looking out of the window, saw it all and went to the rescue.

The boys were crying and thought they all were disgraced forever, and, with difficulty, I begged them off.

He said also that I had whipped him once when in a fight with my brother, and that I was the only Rebel that ever had whipped him. Too, that I should have my horse, and expressed much regret that my house had been searched, and said that it was unauthorized by him, that he supposed it was some staff officer who had taken it upon himself.

He left the next morning for Brownsboro, 10 miles from here, where they are at present encamped. Report says that

they are running the cars to that place and will bring them to Huntsville and occupy the place. Such being the case, they will require everybody to take the oath or leave. In the latter case, they are allowed to take only a small amount of money and clothes. In view of this and to save my servants, I am tempted to go at once.

(August 19.) Had my piano moved today to Mr. Brown's in view of coming events, as it is wholly impossible for any of this family to take the oath.

(August 20.) Another raid under Colonel Watkins. Took a few soldiers, servants and horses.

(Three days later.) The die is cast. We will pack up and cross the river, where my husband will meet me. Moved most of my furniture to the college. With great difficulty, secured two wagons for bedding, provisions, et cetera. If the Yankees should come in and intercept, it would be a bad business, I fear.

With this fear in view, started the young ladies and Clara to Whitesburg at 2 o'clock in the morning, with Eddie and Erskine Scott for an escort. Got the wagons off by 8 a.m., and the enemy not making their appearance, left with the remainder of the family at 3 o'clock in the evening, and crossed the river in safety before dark. The colonel was there to meet us, and we are once more united and breathe freely.

(Monday.) The girls started for Warrenton in a wagon, with Sandy White as driver. We followed them in a day or two and are comfortably located at Mrs. Parker's. There, we see somebody from Huntsville every few weeks. See plenty of Confederate soldiers, hear the news from our army and are much happier out of Yankeedom.

The Battle of Chickamauga has at last come off. We are victorious. The Yankees are all out of North Alabama, and

everybody is going home. Winter is coming. The children are out of school and are anxious to go, too.

(October, 1863.) The colonel has decided to go, although against his better judgment. Eight government wagons are on their way thither, which will take our plunder. One company of the colonel's command go to guard them.

Sue left last week to teach in the college. Jennie and Clara go in an ambulance by way of Deposit, with Misses White and Coltart. The balance of us go by Whitesburg. Met Jerome Ridly on the way. Stayed all night at Mr. Bush's, crossed the river next morning and was proceeding homeward in advance of the rest, with two servants and the colonel to get the house in readiness, when we were met by the intelligence that the Yankees were at Athens.

Here was a dilemma. The colonel returned to the river and recrossed the wagons, and I came home without beds or provisions. Stayed at home that night with no one but Clara for company. Heard the next morning that it was a false report, and sent Uncle Tom with the buggy to the river for little Mary and the children. The wagons came in before dark, hastily unloaded and returned.

News that the Yankees were coming. The colonel stayed home that night, but as the enemy had not made their appearance in the morning, he remained to procure conveyance for the body of Robert Fulton, who was killed at Chickamauga, to Fayetteville and to unite with General Rather in sending out couriers.

I commenced having my furniture brought home, and was arranging it when he came in and said he must say goodbye and hurry off as the Yankees were but a few miles away. He had scarcely said it when they were seen galloping along the back street and in full sight of him.

He gave a bound and was across the street through Mrs. B's yard on the back street, and found a hiding place in Mrs. M's house. We were all beside ourselves with fear lest they should get him, as they were already in every part of the town.

His horse was in the stable, already saddled. The servants hid the saddle, but, alas, the horse had to take his chance. My husband soon sent me word to try to save the saddle, which is a very fine one, but, if they came for the horse, to give it up.

Directly, an officer came walking in with his hat drawn over his eyes and, meeting me in the hall, asked where Colonel Chadick was. I replied that I hoped he was safe.

"How long has he been gone?"

"An hour and a half or two hours," I replied.

"Which way is your stable?"

I pointed to it, and he proceeded thither. Returning, he asked for me and said, "Mrs. Chadick, we shall be under the necessity of searching your house and placing a guard over it, and we shall have to take that fine black horse in the stable.

"Is your name Miss Cook?" he added in a low tone. Sure enough it was he (Colonel McCook), and he had been lately made a general.

"Ah, I thought so," was my rejoinder, "but I did not think you would treat me in this way. I thought you had more magnanimity!"

"I assure you, madam, that it is very painful to me, but I did what I am not accustomed to do. I came in person that you might not be rudely treated in any way."

Said he had a great many dismounted men and was obliged to take the horse, but declined searching the house or placing a guard, and said that, if General Mitchell ordered a search, he would send a staff officer who was a gentleman.

He asked me where my husband's fine saddle was. I told him that I hoped it was safe, too. From what I said, he evidently got the impression that he rode away upon it. I asked him how he knew that my husband had a fine saddle, and said that he may have been here for that very purpose.

The day passed drearily and sadly. I was in constant alarm lest the hiding place of my husband should be discovered. A young lady, who was in on the secret, came and got him a citizen's dress, which I pinned under her hoops. He was in a cellar, the entrance to which was by a trap door in Mrs. M's pantry, a barrel sitting over the place.

About dark, my house was surrounded by soldiers, one of whom took his position in the back yard with his pistol cocked. He told the servants that they came to watch for Colonel Chadick, as they were sure he was in the neighborhood, for a citizen had told them that he had not been gone from the public square 15 minutes when they entered the town.

We were alone and unprotected, and Miss Sue went into her room to load her pistol, when, by accident, it went off and shot her through the hand. The report of the pistol and the cries and noise of the family so alarmed the Yankee in the yard that he was taken with a leaving, but, before going, asked a servant if the young lady was loading her pistol to shoot him.

Some time after dark, they searched Mrs. M's house. They told her in a loud tone, so that he (Colonel Chadick) might hear, that one of the Misses Chadick had shot herself. They made a thorough search of the house and left disappointed. Shortly afterward, Mr. Tom White took him and Sandy safe to the mountain under the cover of darkness.

The rain was pouring down in torrents, and they laid out in it all that night, but escaped being captured and are now safe in Dixie. The next morning, I sent him his saddle and accoutrements, and met him on the outskirts of the town and, bidding him farewell, saw him to my great joy depart in safety.

(Four Weeks Later.) The enemy are camping at Brownsboro now. Some of them come in town every day, driving off our milch cows, yearlings, hogs, sheep and everything that they think will reduce us to starvation. We have a fine, fat calf, and every time we see them riding in to town, it takes up its quarters in the smokehouse.

The conduct of these Yankees is shameful. They are constantly firing in the streets, endangering the lives of passersby.

One of them shot a citizen so that his arm had to be amputated. In some instances, they have entered private houses, taking clothing, blankets, food, et cetera. We hear rumors in regard to the movements of our army, but we are equally upon the borders of Dixie and Yankeedom, and cannot hear the truth from either, since they are just rumors.

If the Yankees do not leave here soon, we shall also be upon the border of starvation. Beef is selling at 50 cents per pound, bacon at $2.50, lard at $1.50, potatoes at $5 per bushel, wood at $13 per load, and everything else in proportion.

(Nov. 14, 1863.) Eddie went to Brownsboro to the Yankee camp to get a cast-off horse. Fell in with a clever lieutenant who treated him with great kindness and gave him a good mule.

(Nov. 16.) Yankees came into town in considerable force, took up all the able-bodied black men to fight for them, telling them they wanted them to go and hold Nashville, while they (the Yanks) went out to fight our army. Several negroes, who had previously gone to them, came in today and removed their families.

(Tuesday.) Today, an abolition preacher from Ohio made a speech to the darkies, which has caused a good deal of excitement among them. Many of them have left today. Many families are without servants.

Brought in two of our very best soldiers as prisoners today. Capt. Jim Matthews and Mac Robinson. They have now got nearly all of our men on this side of the river. We heard nothing now from either side, and things look very dark and gloomy.

(Nov. 22) The dead body of a Yankee lieutenant was brought to town and buried. Killed in a skirmish near Mooresville. The "African fair sex" crowded around the body, putting flowers upon it and muttering, "Poor fellow! Killed by old Secesh." They have all just been listening to an Abolition ser-

mon from one Jones from Ohio, who is doing all in his power to stir them up to rebelling by telling them that they are free now and here, that Lincoln made them so last Jan. 1.

He told them that they must stay here, and send out their husbands, children and sweethearts to help crush out this rebellion, that their masters are bound to support and take care of them, and pay them for all the work they have ever done, that the hand of God is in this thing, and that He has opened up the way for them to come here and set them free, and when we are subjected, they (the blacks) are to occupy this country.

(Nov. 24.) Another Abolition speech today. Two flags, bouquets and a haversack were presented to the eloquent speaker by the fair darkies, whose names, he assured them, should be sent up to Lincoln. These speeches are having a telling effect. All the servants about town flock to hear them. My own asked permission to go, but most of them are too free for this.

(Nov. 26, Thursday.) The Federals again occupy Huntsville. Came in with bands of music and pennants waving. Great was the excitement, especially among the blacks. Brig. Gen. (George) Crook in command. Headquarters the Calhoun house.

Sent Eddie over the river today with a letter to the colonel. Returned at night in safety.

(Nov. 27.) The Federals say that there is a terrible battle in progress at Chattanooga, and that Bragg is in full retreat. We do not credit anything they tell us, but are inclined to think just the contrary. We cannot believe that a just God will suffer such an enemy to triumph over us. Our faith in the justice of our cause buoys us up with the hope that all will come right in the end.

Jennie came in from the country today. Last night, five Yankees went to the house where she was staying (Mrs. Ewing's, a widow lady) and woke them up all at midnight to terrify them, asking where her brother (the bushwhacker) was, and where her sister who carries a revolver in her pocket was.

They then proceeded to the house of her father, whose bravery completely nonplussd the cowardly ruffians and they slunk away. The next morning, Mrs. Ewing found that 21 servants had left her during the night.

(One week later.) The Feds are behaving very well in town, are supplying the poor with fuel, and many of the better class citizens also. It is said that many families are drawing rations, Ex-Governor Clay's family among the number. Dame Rumor also insists that Federal officers are very kindly received in certain families in town.

Gen. Crook's command are the finest looking set of men and officers that have yet visited Huntsville. Servants are leaving their homes and coming to them (the Yankees) by the scores daily. Theq are quartered at Green Academy and other vacant houses about town. Bought a hog today, for which I paid $75 in state money.

(Dec. 19, 1863.) Went to the river today, hoping to meet with the colonel (her husband). Carried him a fine pair of boots, gloves, fatigue shirts and some oysters. Returned disappointed. Tonight, my house servant, Vienna, again went to the Yankees.

(Dec. 22.) Made another trip to the river and crossed in a canoe. Stayed all night at Bush's, where we found Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Cabaniss, but no colonel or any tidings of him since he went to Mississippi to meet Gen. Forrest. Returned a second time, disappointed.

(Dec. 24.) Answered door bell this morning when, lo and behold, a Yankee soldier stood before me with saber in his hand. He accosted me thus:

"Have you been to the provost's today?"

"No, sir."

"Haven't you complained of a servant who sassed you?"

"No, sir."

"Is your name Mrs. Chadick?"

"Yes, sir."

"Haven't you a servant who did sass you?"

"Yes, sir, but I made no complaint of her."

"Well, Captain Teetor, the provost marshal, told me to come down here and make her behave. Now, if she sasses you and keeps sassing, I can do it."

"Thank you, sir, but she has gone to the Yankees, and I am very glad of it."

An officer also called to read me a letter he had received from Lebanon, Tenn., stating that my father's family and my little Davie were all safe and well.

(Christmas Day.) We have a Christmas dinner prepared, but, alas! How few of the home circle are here to partake of it. The colonel, Billy and Davie are absent, and the enemy is in our midst. Gen. Crook's division have all left, but Sherman's men are coming on.

(Three weeks later.) Have made two trips to Dixie to see the colonel and been disappointed. Carried a splendid pair of boots, two shirts, gloves, socks and can of oysters.

Sherman's corps occupied our town. Crook's brigade has also returned. Many families have officers quartered on them.

Our beautiful town is beginning to show the prudence of the enemy. Demolished and dilapidated buildings are torn up, and their planks and timbers used to build soldiers' huts. All the groves of timber around town are being cut down to supply fuel. Twelve of the most prominent citizens, original Secessionists, have been arrested and called upon to take the oath of allegiance. They all refused to a man, and are ordered to leave the lines. Mr. Burns has been given 24 hours to leave his house, as it is wanted for headquarters.

Made two successful trips to Dixie and spent a few delightful hours with the colonel after a separation of four months. Carried him a hat. In making these trips, great caution is to be pursued. In cases, the pickets examine the vehicle for goods and contraband articles, but with all their vigilance, they are frequently outwitted by the ladies.

The river has to be crossed in a small canoe, which requires some little courage. After crossing, no vehicle being at hand, mounted up behind my husband. We rode in this primitive style to our stopping place for the night. Returned home the next day in safety.

The following day, Mrs. Kate Steele resolved to pay her husband a visit across the river and insisted upon having my company. On examining my pass, found that it was for 10 days and concluded to go. Performed the trip. The pickets were very polite and assiduous in fixing the blankets around our feet and taking a sharp look into the buggy to see if we were smuggling out goods. They discovered nothing, owing to the efficiency of hoops. Crossed the river and spent two delightful hours with my husband.

A Federal officer, Colonel McFall, called today and said that he had been assigned to me, with his wife and child, to take up quarters in my house, it being a disloyal family, will try to make the best of it, rather than to be turned out of doors as many have been. He has the air of a gentleman and says he will furnish fuel and provisions for the family. Have but two spare rooms—parlor and study. Resolved to give them latter, as it is more retired from the family. Made preparations for them and determined to treat them kindly.

(Two days later.) The colonel called to say that he had been ordered way in a few days and would not trouble me, but would take his family to camp for the short time he would be here. Also told me that he had heard from my husband this evening. A lady went to headquarters to report herself as coming over the river and, upon being questioend as to whom she saw over there, said that she saw Col. Chadick about four hours before.

Mrs. Russell died suddenly yesterday. The 12 men who were required to take the oath and refused have been ordered to leave forthwith. Mrs. Chapman has been ordered out of her house. Col. McFall was ordered to take my house. He has treated me with great kindness and consideration. Sent me a load of wood.

(Jan. 27, 1864.) Mr. Robert Watkins died today. There is quite a commotion among the Federals. Couriers have arrived announcing that Roddy took Athens today at 10 o'clock, with all the garrison and commissary stores. Not true.

(Jan. 29.) Got a barrel of flour from the Feds today through the kindness of Col. McFall. Bought 45 pounds of beef for $45 in Confed. A short time since, purchased 40 pounds of sugar for $120 in the same currency. A lady called just now with a present of five pounds of crushed sugar and the same of coffee from a cotton buyer.

The gentleman offers to purchase my house and lot, with all its appurtenances, for $4,500 in Confed, $1,500 in state money, or $6,000 in greenbacks. O, for wisdom in this matter! If gold was the offer, should know what to do. A Fed just called to collect my water tax. Refused, of course, to pay as there has been no water in my hydrant for months.

(Jan. 30.) Have suspicions that Corinna (my cook) is fixing to leave. Learned a little later that Major Griffin, who is quartered at Mr. Harris', ordered a room prepared for her, and that she is to cook for and wait on him. Feel sad and disheartened in consequences, as she is the only woman we have left. Sent for Major Griffin and laid the case before him, and he declined her services.

(Feb. 8.) A negro school opens today at the Huntsville church (west). Corinna sent Jim against my positive commands.

A paymaster, Major Brotherline, and clerk are assigned to me this evening, and they took immediate possession of the

parlor as an office and the study for a bedroom, leaving me no say-so in the matter.

The major proposes eating at my table, furnishing such provisions as can be obtained at the commissary, with fuel, and paying me $10 per week each for board and deducting the provisions. This is more liberal than most of the time. Find my Yankees very gentlemanly men, disposed to be well pleased with their quarters, and giving as little trouble as possible.

Have been boasting of the elegant and refined ladies in this part of town, and of their nice quarters to other officers.

A large battery has been arranged with men and guns before the house today, receiving their pay. The major arranged his table in the front porch, to prevent their coming into the house.

Noah (Vienna's husband) is here quite sick. He is heartily tired of his friends, the Yankees, and anxious to get home, and now that he is sick and has no home, comes to one for care and protection. Has symptoms of pneumonia and fear he may die on my hands.

Sent for Dr. Barnett (of the 26th Missouri, introduced to me by Col. McFall), for prescription for Noah and gave him medicines. He got better, and Mr. Kinne (the major's clerk) procured him a pass to go home. He started, but was seized by Elliott Fearn (colored), recruiting officer, as a deserter. Don't know what is to become of the poor fellow.

My own servants are treating me badly. It is with difficulty that we san get a fire made in the morning for the family to come, after they have risen. They wait upon the Yankees, however, with the greatest alacrity.

(March 1.) My boarders left today for Louisville after a sojourn of three weeks in my family. They seemed to feel regret at parting with us. We shall miss them very much, as they have been kind to us in many ways and made themselves very agreeable.

I purchased a nice pair of blankets from Mr. Tinne. The major took a little contraband home with him; we forbear comments. Sent two letters by them to Tennessee. Had an application from another major to take his place in my house, but, as he was not assigned one by the quartermaster, I refused.

(March 5, Saturday.) Sent $23 by Mrs. Gordon today for goods. She is going to get her son paroled—a prisoner in that city. Lilie Picket goes with her to see his mother in the lunatic asylum.

(Sunday.) We have just heard of a horrible accident. The Chattanooga train ran into the train from Huntsville last night, killing Mrs. Gordon instantly. Lilie Picket died this morning. Mrs. Vogle and Mrs. Freyes and Mrs. Gordon's bodies were burned up. Mrs. Hoffa was badly injured, but still lives.

(Monday.) The remains of these unfortunate ladies were brought to town today. Those of Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Freyes could not be recognized in the same coffin.

(March 8.) During the funeral services of Mrs. Gordon at the Presbyterian church today, news was brought of the death of Mr. Sam Cruse. Another old citizen gone.

(Two days later.) The death of Mr. Cruse is contradicted. The money sent by Mrs. Gordon is lost. She had a large amount about her person—1,150—for Mrs. McClung.

(March 20.) Mr. John Robinson's residence has been taken for a smallpox hospital. As soon as I heard it, sent for Dr. Barnett to ascertain if something could not be done to save the furniture still remaining there. He kindly promised to do everything in his power. He hunted up the surgeon in charge and ascertained that they had already moved in several cases. Rode out there, took an inventory of the things remaining, and received a promise from the surgeon that they should be taken into a room reserved for that purpose.

They consisted of only two or three marble-top tables, hat-rack, books and a few articles of minor importance. Everything else had been removed by the occupants, the Jett family. It is said they had been trying to dispose of some of the articles.

Dr. Barnett has been prescribing for Jim (servant) at his mother's request. By constantly having chills, he has got into a very bad state of health, and the doctor has made a cure of him, furnishing all the medicines, and has offered to vaccinate the members of the family. In short, he has been very kind. Would that he were not a Federal.

(March 23.) Heard last night from my very dear husband. He is just across the river at Whitesburg and sent one word that he was well. How provoking that just the river should run between, and we not be permitted to see each other.

Eddie is clerking in a bakery at $20 per month. Better than to be eating the bread of idleness at his age. He brings nice fresh bread every evening, which is quite an assistance in these times of scarcity.

Sent to Nashville by Mr. Colroes for a small bill of goods. Also by Mr. John Erwin for a larger one.

Had to go to Col. Weaver (commander of the post) for a permit to have them brought out of Nashville. Sue has taken Miss Sue Bradley's place in the college as teacher. Little Mary has started to school with her.

Smalljox is spreading in the town. George is going to Mrs. Mayhew. Shall have to stop his Latin, as I find it impossible to command greenbacks sufficient to pay his tuition and meet my other expenses.

Major Griffin has returned from Louisville and brought Sue and Jennie some music from one of our Yankee boarders, Mr. Tinne. The latter, when he first came to the house, it appears, had an idea that the "Secesh" were a shockingly barbarous set of people, and entertained fears for his personal safety. As he confessed to us, on the day of his taking up

quarters with us, he asked Major Brotherline if there was any danger of their being poisoned.

There is news today that we have at last been recognized by France. This has been rumored so often without foundation that we scarcely believe it.

(March 27.) Received another letter this week from Julia and little Davis. Brother Dave is going into business in Nashville. Gen. Sherman has arrived in this town this week. It is supposed that he is on his way to the front.

Heard from my dear husband this week, through Miss McClung. He came to the river at Whitesburg and sent word across under flag of truce that he was well. Only 10 miles rule between us, and yet I could not see him!

Have been ill for three days past—confined to my bed. Corinne and Jim seized this opportunity for leaving. She has gone to the hotel in the capacity of chambermaid. Thus our servants have all left us with the exception of Uncle Tom. He will doubtless go next—old as he is. There is a powerful charm in the word freedom.

(March 28.) Spent most of the day in the kitchen. Tom has concluded to remain with us, provided we allow him to work out part of the time for himself.

Mr. Shepherd (a Fed) called to see if he could quarter one of Gen. McPherson's staff officers and his wife in my house. Resisted it my every plea that woman's tongue could urge. Think I made an impression.

(April 1, 1864.) Still without a servant. Mrs. Weaver, my kind friend, milks for me regularly.

Had some fun today playing April jokes. Sent Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Figures official document, ordering them out of their houses for McPherson's staff officers. For a time, Mrs. Figures gave herself up to dispair, and Mrs. Steele, in her indignation, went to apply to the quartermaster.

We have some cheering news from the Confederacy.

A Yankee woman has the keys of Mrs. Harris' house and, yesterday, was inspecting the rooms.

(Monday.) The soldiers who were quartered in the steam mill back of our lot are leaving this morning for Nashville. Also, Crook's brigade are going to Columbia. Logan's command will leave this week. The Memphis Commercial says that North Alabama is to be evacuated. Jere Clemens and lady left yesterday morning for Philadelphia. A good sign for us.

(April 6.) Dr. Barnett has been a kind friend to us. He is a Mason. Today, he made a requisition for us in the way of commissary stores. In this way, we get them without procuring a permit from headquarters, and at government prices. He got 10 pounds of candles, coffee, 25 pounds of sugar, one peck of salt, one pound of white beans, and sent them by his hospital steward to Mr. Weir with a polite note.

(April 7.) Received another favor today from Dr. Barnett in the way of a bottle of "Ferment." Have got a servant today on trial. Nancy, with two children—one of them large enough to wait on the house.

(April 9.) Today, a negro woman, named Melinda, came and offered her services to me, with her two boys—one large enough to cut wood, wait on the table, and for $8 a month! Resolved to try her and dismissed Nancy.

Rumors today that the Confeds are crossing at Decatur and at the mouth of Flint river. Certain it is that the Feds have sent out two or three brigades to both points. They have also commenced fortifying Parron's hill.

Received my goods from Nashville today by Mr. Irwin. Pleased with his selection, consisting of two large bolts of domestic bleached and unbleached at 60 cents per yard; calico dress pattern, 35 cents per yard; blue gingham, 75 cents per yard;

linen, drilling, 90 cents; flannel, $1 per yard; shoes, $3.50 per pair; Mogambique goods, 65 cents—bill: $95 in greenbacks.

(Monday, April 11.) Got up this morning and went to the kitchen to get breakfast. Melinda disappointed me. Just commenced when a neat, nice-looking servant came in and offered her services. Took her on trial. Think I am at last suited.

A dreadful accident occurred today. A caisson at the depot blew up, killing six poor fellows instantly, tearing them literally to pieces, wounding several others and killing two horses.

Dr. Barrett came around tonight and asked me to take his wife to board. Have no say, while in the Federal lines, to command greenbacks. Would take the doctor and lady to help us live but for the want of a house servant. It would also be a protection, as my vacant rooms are liable to be taken any day for officers, and many of them are not gentlemen. Must weigh all the difficulties before I decide.

No more talk of Logan's command leaving.

(April 12.) The funeral procession of the six men who were killed yesterday has just passed. The coffins were in three ambulances, followed by a piece of artillery and a regiment of the same. A sad sight. Although they are our enemies, they have loved ones at home to weep at their sad, untimely death, and the sight touches our sympathies.

(April 13.) Heard today from my dear husband through Miss Hassie Martin. He dined with her at her house two weeks since. She said he was in perfect health and was the finest looking and the finest dressed officer that she had seen. It is like "cold water to a thirsty soul," so seldom do we hear from him.

(Saturday, April 16.) The weather is remarkably cool for the season, and vegetation backward. The Feds are fortifying heavily, have mounted so many cannon upon Patton's hill. They

are evidently expecting the Rebels. Night before last, they slept upon their arms and were for sometime drawn up in line of battle. The railroad track was also torn up above here the same night. The steam mill back of our lot is undergoing repairs for a powder magazine.

Last night, several Yankee deserters escaped from the jail. They dug out in Morgan style—underground.

(April 17.) Took tea with Mrs. Davis last night. Met Col. Alexander at the table. Informed me that an advance into Georgia is intended in a few days, that Atlanta is the point of destinaiton. Says that he "expects to meet my husband and bring him back to me." I told him on the contrary I thought I had better give him a letter of introduction, recommending him to the kindness of Col. Chadick (her husband) when he fell into his hands.

We have had two marriages the past week of Union Southern ladies to Federal officers: Miss Mattie Lane to Col. Morton and Miss Jennie Davis to Col. Phillips.

(Sunday, April 24.) Another week has gone by, bringing no events of importance to Huntsville. Friday morning, I went with Kate Frazier to see Frye's paintings. From there, we went to Patton's Hill to see the fortifications.

Found the Federals engaged in tearing down Mrs. Gooch's beautiful cottage to plant cannon on its site. The grounds and garden about the house, which were very pretty, were filled with ladies, servants and soldiers digging up and removing the fine shrubbery. Returned home for Uncle Tom, with spade and basket, and helped myself to some fine roses, box and verbenas.

Walked through Mrs. Watkins' grounds for Miss Teate's benefit. She went into raptures over the fine statuary scattered here and there. The Yankees talk about demolishing this place also, which would be shameful indeed.

In the evening, the walls of Mrs. Gooch's house fell with a crash which was heard all over town.

The works at the steam mill are still progressing. They have built a broad shutter all around the building under which to place their cannon.

This is to be the headquarters of the Army of the Southwest. Gen. McPherson has taken up his quarters at the bank (First National), Mr. Lacy's family being ordered out to make room for him. Mrs. Figures has two Feds quartered upon her—takes it on like it was fine.

(Thursday, April 28.) Great activity prevails among the Federals. Immense supplies are being stored here, and every negro is pressed and kept at work until midnight. This is to be a supply depot, and every preparation is evidently being made for the forward movement into Georgia.

Mrs. Mayhew has been ordered out of the seminary, which is to be converted into a hospital. They say that they have 4,000 sick.

Little Mary is down with the measles. Received letters today from Nashville and Lebanon. Also a box of goods from Nashville by Mr. Cowles consisting mostly of calico and shoes. Dr. Barnett called this morning and left me some white sugar. He is a kind friend.

Gen. Sherman has issued an order that nothing in the way of provisions shall be sold to the citizens. This is rather hard after their army has stripped the country of everything.

(Saturday, April 30.) Troops have been leaving all day. Gen. Matthias' brigade, including the 26th Missouri, is gone, taking Dr. Barnett. We have now no friend to go to in case of difficulty. More troops are coming in from below. Wonder what is their destination. Some think Georgia and others Chattanooga.

(Sunday, May 1.) Troops passing through Huntsville all day. They were storing ammunition all day in the mill back of our lot and then loading up wagons again with it until midnight.

(Monday, May 2.) Was awakened this morning by the sound of drum and fife. Troops still going through. Some great movement is surely on hand.

Went at 9 a.m. with Miss Frazier to see Gen. McPherson to get a pass for her to return home to Larkinsville. Found him very civil, but in a great hurry as he was evidently going to leave. He gave the pass without asking any questions. He is very fine looking, graceful and obliging, and, unlike most generals and high officers, does all his own writing.

I asked him what all this commotion was about and what it portended. "War, war, war!" was his brief reply.

(Tuesday, May 3.) Glorious news for the Feds from Virginia. They say that Lee is running. Grant is in full pursuit. Don't believe it.

There is a great panic among them in town. They are looking for Gen. Forrest, having heard that he crossed the river yesterday at Florence. They are removing the ammunition from our neighborhood to the courthouse.

(May 11.) Rushing the work upon the fortifications, pressing every negro. Came and took old Tom out of the yard. Begged hard for him, urging his rheumatism as a plea, all to no purpose. Went to the courthouse and made an appeal to Col. Alexander. He said that he met him and, seeing that he was lame, released him. There was a mistake, however, in the negro. Uncle Tom worked all day and was ordered to report again at the fortifications tomorrow morning.

Two hundred of their shovels received by train today. And all artists, suttlers, cotton buyers and camp followers ordered to report to work at the same time and place to receive arms, upon penalty of being expelled the lines.

(May 12.) Went up to see Mrs. Tom White this evening. They are digging rifle pits in her front yard. This will bring her house and grounds within the fort.

All loyal citizens are ordered to report at the fortifications for work tomorrow. Uncle Tom is still retained, while our yard and garden are going to weeds.

Still bad news for us from Virginia, but do not believe it. News today that Gen. Logan and staff are prisoners.

(May 13.) Dr. Barnett called to see us this morning. His brigade is at Decatur.

(Tuesday, May 17.) Heard last night that Billy was across the river at Whitesburg. Sue (her daughter) procured a pass this morning for herself, Jennie and Eddie to go to see him. Failed to get a horse. Sue is crying for disappointment.

Great excitement appears to pervade the town. They are removing ammunition by wagon loads to the depot.

Sue has deferred the trip until tomorrow.

Our troops are fighting the Yankees at Indian creek, have torn up the railroad below and are thought to be advancing upon Huntsville. Hence the excitement. Later the Confeds destroyed trains, burned 100 bales of cotton and Madison station, and tore up the railroad.

It is also rumored that they took Larkinsville this morning. Certain it is that the trains will not come as usual, and there are no mails.

The soldiers say that Gen. Smith suppressed the dispatches of yesterday.

(May 18.) All quiet. Said to be fighting at Dalton.

They have brought in Dr. Fletcher and Mr. Betts today from Madison station, accused, it is said, of guiding the Rebels yesterday to the station where the cotton was burned. If proved on them, they say, they will hang Dr. Fletcher.

The Rev. John Campbell crossed the river from Dixie yesterday. He brings me word that my "other half" is well, and

has laid down the sword and taken up the "metic," or, in other words, quit the service.

(May 19.) Sue and Jennie went to the river to see Billy and were disappointed.

(May 22.) Good news this morning from Virginia. Beauregard has whipped Butler and, although all the Federal papers announced the great success of Grant over Lee and Sherman over Johnston, they are so lying and there is so much misrepresentation that we do not place any confidence in this dispatch. Neither do the better class of people north, judging from the tone of some of their journals. Certain it is that the Yankees now occupying Huntsville are by no means jubilant, but, on the contrary, are very quiet in regard to the news from Virginia. Their papers acknowledge the loss of 75,000 men. Who is accountable for this fearful business of sacrifice of human life? Echo answers "Who?"

(May 23.) Gen. Frank Blair arrived here last evening. The 17th Army Corps under his command arrived here this evening on their way probably to reinforce Sherman.

They are committing all kinds of depredations upon private property. They are stopping here every moment for flowers, being greatly attracted by my front yard which at this time looks like a perfect wilderness of wild, fine roses.

Twenty of them came into my back yard just at dusk for roses and behaved very badly. One proposed that they should take the churn away with them. The servant was milking at the time, and they waited until she was done, and took it from her and six of them drank it. Shall be glad when they have left here.

(May 26.) Received a letter this morning from Brother Dave by Mr. Durham. He writes that poor little Davie has been badly bitten by a dog, but has entirely recovered. Feel anxious and sad about it and think that it may be worse than they

represent it. Wrote an answer by the same gentleman and sent money to Dave for two kegs of lard—one for myself and one for Mrs. Steele.

Col. Alexander gave me a permit. He always treats me with kindness and consideration. Major Croswell, the provost, also approved my letters without reading them, upon my pledging my word that they contained nothing contraband. He is a friend of Dr. Barnett.

(Saturday, May 28.) Mrs. William Robinson called and dined with me. She gave me money to send to Dave for a sack of coffee. I have engaged a servant of hers who left the plantation and came to town with her children, because there was nothing left there for them to live upon. Rosetta by name, like her very much and am to hire her and two children, and give her $3 per month. Commences receiving her wages May 30.

(June 2.) To our great surprise, Billy returned home today. Says he was captured on the other side of the river. He was taken to the courthouse and his person searched. In one of his pockets was found a letter written to him last Fall by myself. Among other things, his pa's escape from capture was spoken of, together with an account of Sue's shooting herself through the hand. I do not, unfortunately, remember the remaining contents.

The provost says that I speak of having my husband's fine saddle in my possession and that it must be sent to him forthwith. This statement must be incorrect as, not having it, I could not have so stated. He refuses to give up the letter or to let Billy look at it.

(June 4.) Billy reported himself again to the provost this evening. Major Crowell insists upon my sending him the saddle, says that he "has it in writing with my signature and that I have it in my possession." It is assuredly false. I could not have made such statement, as I sent my husband the saddle the very next morning after his escape. He says that, if I do

not send it, I shall certainly get myself into trouble and lay myself liable to have my house searched every day or two.

I fancied that he might possibly be a gentleman, as, when I went to get my letter approved, he treated me with true politeness, and when others censored and spoke unkindly of him, I was his defender. I shall certainly not take the trouble to notice his menaces, and he can search if he chooses.

(June 10.) Dr. Barnett from Decatur called to see us on Monday, and said that he would state the facts to him (Crowell) and try to get my letter.

Miss Aggie Scott also received a severe reprimand from said gentleman on account of a paragraph in a letter to her brother, a prisoner at Camp Morton. The letter says, in a playful manner, that she is luxuriating daily upon strawberries and that, a year ago at this time, she fed Gen. Forrest with them from her own hand, and that she could not help wishing that she might again enjoy that pleasure just at this time. The provost said that it was an insult to the government. He retained the letter.

Dr. Barnett returned the next morning and informed me that he found the major in the worst possible humor in consequence of his horse having run off and broken his buggy all to pieces. Would not listen to reason, and said he should most assuredly make the search. He had either intentionally or unintentionally read my letter wrong, insisting that I said the affair took place after Gen. Crook (instead of McCook) occupied the town and, therefore, I had had no opportunity of sending the saddle to my husband. Should he persist in troubling me, I shall certainly execute a flank movement by stating the facts to Col. Alexander.

Attended Mrs. Mayhew's examination this week. Clare recited a piece of poetry beautifully, and Georgie made a speech and acted in a dialogue with great credit to him. I really felt proud of them both.

(Saturday, June 11.) Bought a barrel of flour today from a soldier for $14 in greenbacks. He informs me that the troops

now stationed here are under marching orders and will leave in a few days, their place to be supplied by "100 days" men. We are sorry to hear this, as the officers now in command have been truly kind to the citizens and have made many friends on that account. We may make a bad exchange.

Tonight, news came that Henry Figures had been killed in one of the battles in Virginia.

(Sunday, June 12.) Heard today that John Young had fallen in Virginia with several others from this neighborhood.

(June 16.) The old troops are leaving. Col. Dean's regiment came in today from Decatur. Col. McFall came around to see us and said that, if there was anything he could do for us before leaving, not to hesitate to ask him. Dr. Barnett brought me a supply of medicines.

(Wednesday, June 23.) Six thousand troops left here for the front this morning, leaving but one regiment. More "100 days" troops came in this evening, however. They are moving many of the commissary stores, and many of the Union citizens and officers and wives are leaving. They say it is not now a safe place, and raids are looked for from the Confederates. Forrest is also a terror to them. It is thought that he will come this way to cut off Sherman's communications.

(June 24.) Made $3 today selling milk and vegetables to the soldiers. Sue, Jennie and Georgie have gone to Mr. Malone's. Wish I could hear from W. D. (her husband). Wonder when the coast will be clear so that he can come home. Gen. Rousseau arrived here last night.

(June 26.) Roddy, the Feds say, is threatening Huntsville. No one allowed to go out of town today without taking the oath. We have a change of commanders—Col. Johnston commands the post, Major Calkin is provost marshal with headquarters at the Beirne house. My servant, Corrina, has left the hotel and gone there to wait on him.

They are more stringent and severe than Col. Alexander and Gen. Smith. They say it is Sherman's order. They have also orders to destroy the town in case of a successful attack by the Rebels. We have encouraging news from Petersburg. Gen. Grainger commands the Federal forces in North Alabama, with headquarters at Decatur.

(Saturday, July 2.) Mrs. Figures called upon Mrs. Alexander, and was very sociable with her. Upon Mrs. Alexander's departure from Huntsville, it was discovered that Mrs. Figures' choice servant, Ella, had gone with her. She was either abducted or absconded, but, in either case, she was aided and abetted. It shows the principles upon which the Northern people act. Carpets, chamber sets and such have been taken from private residences occupied by Federal officers to be shipped north. Mrs. Figures was somewhat taken by surprise.

(July 4, 1864.) The day passed quietly. The Feds fired a few guns in honor of the day, but Richmond has not fallen as they so confidently believed that it would by this day.

(July 8.) Mr. Herrick called this evening with letters for me from Nashville. Learned that Julia could not procure a pass for herself and my little Dave to come to Huntsville. A soldier also called with an official document demanding one set of chamber furniture for the benefit of headquarters at Mr. Beirne's house. Persuaded the official to wait until I could go to headquarters and appeal to Col. Johnson, commander of the post, as having no furniture to spare, such an arrangement would subject me to most serious inconvenience.

(July 9.) A second wagon came again for the furniture this morning. A sofa, six chairs, table, bedstead, bureau with looking glass, washstand and bowl and pitcher were demanded. While the wagon went to Dr. Anthony's for a similar demand, I proceeded to use my powers of persuasion upon Col. Johnson.

He told me, among other things, that I must expect to lose everything I had; that, in fact, I did not possess anything, that

my husband had taken an active part in the war, had been very violent, was in favor of bushwhacking, et cetera.

I told him that my husband was a high-toned, honorable gentleman, and by no means violent. I said he was a man who always took strong grounds and used strong language to maintain it. Neither was he an advocate of bushwhacking, but believed in an honorable, open warfare, and such he had always waged upon them, and I did not see why that was any reason why I should be called upon to give up everything I had, that many demands had been made upon me since their army had occupied the place.

After I had finished my talk, he said, "Well, Mrs. Chadick, I will not take as much from you as I intended. I will only take two or three pieces." He sent and took a washstand, bowl and pitcher, bureau and looking glass.

Found this morning that my maid of all work, Rosetta, is going to leave me and go to a neighborhood which offers higher wages.

(July 15.) Great excitement prevails this evening. It has been ascertained that a large body of cavalry crossed the river at Claysville and it is thought are threatening Huntsville. Every man is ordered into the fort at sundown and, while the place is held almost exclusively by new troops, there is really quite a panic among them. They are taking every negro man here by force, if necessary, and think that the Rebels will be here by midnight. Badly prepared to greet the Rebels, having a miserable headache.

(July 16.) Awoke this morning with a clear head and find the Yanks still in unmolested possession of the place. It is certainly a raid upon this side of the river—destination not yet ascertained.

(July 18.) Margaret commenced work for me today. Georgie, the colored boy who waited on my husband, was brought across the river yesterday by the Yanks and says that W. D.

(her husband) had another narrow escape from being captured last week, that the gunboat on the Tennessee crossed over in the night, and the soldiers went to the very house where he was staying. But, going to the stables first, it gave the inmates of the house time to make good their retreat, and he got off safely.

O, if I could see him, if but for one short hour! Col. Johnson, in my interview with him, told me in a very unfeeling manner that a letter came to me from my husband a few days since, and he sent it back over the river.

(Friday, July 22.) Have just risen from one of my nervous headaches. This cruel separation from my husband affects me most painfuly at such times. It is now eight months since we saw each other.

(Tuesday, July 25.) The Feds are removing all their ammunition from the magazine to the depot. They appear to be removing all their stores also. Wonder if there is any possibility of an evacuation of this place. The joy would be too great.

We have constantly good news from Virginia, but, in Georgia, the news is not favorable to us. They have had a terrible fight before Atlanta and say we have been defeated, but we cannot hear the truth.

It is also said that Gen. Johnston has been superseded by Hood. Cannot understand it, as everybody had the utmost confidence in Johnston's ability as a general.

(July 27.) The body of Major Gen. McPherson (at one time in command of Huntsville) passed through here last night. They have lost one of their best generals.

(July 29.) Went to headquarters this morning to get a permit to bring some lard, mackerel and herring out of Nashville. The favor was readily granted by Col. Johnson.

Gen. Grainger was present—a very dignified, courteous gentleman. He took great notice of Clara, who accompanied me, took the heart of a watermelon and gave it to her, and spread his handkerchief in her lap to protect her dress. I was in another room at the time, having my permit written out, and did not hear the tale of distress poured into his ears by two women from the country, whose house, with all their worldly goods and chattels, had been laid in ashes the day before. The Feds had done it because her son belonged to a company of guerrillas. Neither did I hear his reply, only that it was unauthorized.

These Federal soldiers are doing dreadful deeds in the country, when they are away from their commands. Last week, near New Market, they called two young men out from their homes and shot them in cold blood, and then called on their friends to bury them. Reason alleged was that they had fed bushwhackers.

Captain Baker, quartermaster, has for some cause been released. A lady sent to Corinna, who waited on him, for her China set, silver baskets and other things which had been taken for his use, and she refused to give them up, saying that Capt. Baker had given them to her. She had them packed up and was all ready to start with them to Nashville when Col. Johnson sent a guard to take them, and forbid her having a pass to leave the place. She is now hunting a room to stay in.

Mr. McGhee from Winchester was here tonight. The most amusing gentleman I have ever met. Gen. Stanley was quartered in his house last Summer, and it appears he took quite a fancy to him (McGhee), although he is a great Rebel. Last week, he received a letter from the general, now in Georgia, saying that he had named his little son, six weeks old, for him. Mr. McGhee wrote back that he thanked him and that he would give it a "little nigger."

(Monday, August 1.) Wrote to the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war for the U. S., asking for a permit for Eddie to bring some goods through to this place. He is an old friend and once very highly esteemed. I shall wait patiently for the result.

(Saturday, August 6.) Had a complete and joyful surprise this evening in the arrival of my long-absent Little Davie and Sister Julia. He has been absent now nearly three years. A beautiful boy. Has grown very much and hardly knew his mother. Such an excitement among the children! If his pa was only here to participate in it, our happiness would be complete.

Julia brings me a letter from Clara asking me to hunt up a Federal officer who has been missing since the Battle of the Wilderness and is supposed to have been taking prisoner and taken to Macon, Ga. He is a son of Dr. Dale of Pittsburgh. Must make an effort, although I am almost as completely cut off from communication with Dixie as they themselves.

(August 10.) Wrote a letter to Major Logan of the LaMar House in Macon, at the suggestion of a friend, to make inquiries about Col. Dale. Shall take it to Gen. Grainger, who is in command here, and ask him to forward it under a flag of truce.

(August 11.) Sent to the Beirne house today and recovered my bureau and washstand, but the looking glass and bowl and pitcher were not to be found. Gave Gen. Grainger a receipt for the same.

(August 12.) Julia and myself went to headquarters this morning to ask them to forward my letter. He said there was no communication whatever with the other side of the river, except under very peculiar circumstances. When he learned the particulars and that a Federal officer was involved, he said that Gen. Sherman was the man to write to, and he would send it to Macon under flag of truce, that he would forward my letter to Sherman and indorse it.

Three officers called this morning to take a room in my house for business purposes. Talked them out of it and mentioned it to the general, and he issued an order that they should not go into any private house.

(August 13.) Quite ill with a severe cold. Sue and Jennie have gone out to Mrs. Wilson's to spend the day. Had quite an excitement about dinner time, occasioned by the finding of a .....in the front yard by Billy.

(August 16.) Great excitement among the children. Aunt Julia is getting up some tableaux in which they are all to act and which will come off tomorrow night.

Heard this evening that John Clark, a member of our church and Sabbath school, had been murdered by the Federal soldiers under the most aggravated circumstances. These murders are becoming numerous and alarming. They call their victims out of their houses, accuse them of feeding bushwhackers or some such pretense, and then shoot them down.

Received a letter today from Hannah, the first in a year. She is in Wilmington, N. C., having left Charleston at the beginning of the siege.

(Wednesday, August 17.) Awoke this morning with a dreadful headache. All came around my bedside with long faces, fearing the tableaux will have to be postponed. Every few minutes, someone puts his head in at the door with, "How do you feel now, Ma? No better?" And they tiptoe from the door in hopeless despair. Felt sad at being the cause of such terrible disappointment and resolved to make a desperate effort to get better.

Sent for a tub of hot water and, after bathing my feet almost to a blister, binding up my poor head in vinegar and taking a little nap, my poor head was somewhat relieved of the pain. Then Georgie and Dave were dressed at once and started out to invite the guests.

All hands went to work putting the rooms in order and arranging costumes. Some were dispatched for flowers, while Julia and Jennie arranged the stage. One end of the back porch was fitted up for this purpose. Counterpanes were tacked to the sides, and carpet spread and a curtain hung in front.

In a short time, everything was arranged and, to complete all, Eddie came with a load of fine large watermelons for refreshments. Found that they had sent out to the ladies on this street to come and witness the children's enjoyment.

Some of the costumes were beautiful, and all acted their parts admirably and were received with great applause by the company. After they were over, the crowd adjourned to the dining room to enjoy the melons. Everything went off admirably, thanks to Aunt Julia. The children had not had so much fun since the commencement of this miserable war.

(Friday, August 19.) Rain, rain, rain. It has rained every day but two in this month. Margaret, my slow maid of all work, is still washing—the 10th day. Everything is behind hand. All resolved to put shoulders to the wheel and get things straight. I went to the washtub, Sue and Julia to the ironing board, and Jennie got dinner.

Before night, it was all brought up. After washing the skin off my fingers, not being used to it, I sat down to my embroidery frame and embroidered the whole skirt of a child's dress in bunches of flowers, and finished it by dusk. It is for Julia—a present to a little namesake in Lebanon.

(Monday, August 21.) Immediately after breakfast, carried Mrs. Tom White a letter, which contained news from her son, Sandy, from whom she had not heard in months. The news of Capt. Waid's death and that of Mr. Brucker have been confirmed. Both killed in the battles before Atlanta.

A trial is going on in town today. Col. Anderson, who commands at Brownsboro, has been having innocent citizens shot like dogs. A young man named Davis was carried before him last week and asked to take the oath. He said he could not take it. They then asked, if he was to go into the army, which one would he go into. He replied that he had his old mother and her family to take care of and could not go into either, but, of course, if he was forced to go, being a Southern man, his preference would be on that side. Anderson replied, "I'll fix you. You shall not go into either!"

He was kept until the next morning, when Col. Anderson gave him a pass to go home, and then sent out a squad of men with orders to kill him. He begged hard for one-half hour to go home and see his mother. He was shot in 14 places, a negro having the second shot, and his body carried into the mountain and hid.

The men in the neighborhood were afraid to look for him, and a Federal soldier piloted Miss Vincent to the spot under promise of secrecy, and she and other ladies carried the body home. Another man was afraid to make a coffin without a permit from Col. Anderson.

This brutal officer refused admittance to the mother of the murdered man, but she forced her way into his presence, told him he had murdered an innocent man and broken a mother's heart, and that she would have revenge. She came to town and went to the officers in command and told them that, if they did not bring Col. Anderson to justice, she would mount her horse and go herself in search of the Rebel cavalry.

She got up her witnesses and brought them to town, and he is now being tried. This man is a Congregational preacher. Between robbing, thieving and murdering, they will give the North a glorious name in history. Houses that have been occupied by officers and their reputed wives have been completely plundered.

At Mr. Robert Watkins' (the Grayson home), china, plate, bedding, even the pillow cases from off the beds and the latter gentleman's clothes (he had just died) were packed up and carried off while the old lady lay upon a bed of sickness.

Capt. Allen, quartermaster, who occupied the house of Mrs. Weeden, carried off, among other things, two china chambers. His name has been thereby immortalized by the ladies. When looking under the bed for that article, they ask, "Where's Capt. Allen?"

(Tuesday, August 22.) I am sad today. Julia is preparing to return tonight to Tennessee, and I shall again be left alone. Little Davie is crying to return with her. Many visitors have

been in today to say goodbye. I feel great uneasiness about her. The trains are so frequently fired into.

(August 23.) Julia left at daybreak this morning. I feel nervous and anxious lest something was going to happen. Must try to overcome it. If I could only hear from my husband, it would lighten my heart.

(August 31.) Received a letter from Julia, assuring me of her safe arrival in Nashville. Mrs. Steele's lard also arrived by wagon.

There is much excitement among the Federals. Gen. Wheeler has destroyed the railroad, and Tullahoma and Decatur are threatened. They are looking for him here every hour and are barricading the streets with cotton bales. They have also fired two shells into the town today.

(Sept. 1.) The excitement has somewhat subsided, as the Rebels did not make their appearance last night.

(Sept.2.) All is confusion among the Feds. Trains of supplies have just come in, the engines perfectly riddled with balls. They say that they ran the gauntlet at or near Athens, and that the bridge over Elk river was on fire when they passed over it. These trains had supplies and coffins. Pity it could not have been captured.

Wagons are running through the streets at a gallop toward the fort, loaded with cotton bales, and all seem to be in preparation for a fight. The Yanks think that Forrest and Roddy are below and Wheeler above. They are sending troops below, and make great threats of capturing them all. They had a report here today among the soldiers that Wheeler was captured.

(5 o'clock.) A dispatch just came that Atlanta had fallen! Sue, Jennie and Georgie, Mrs. Hereford and Kitty Brickel have just started to Meridianville to a meeting of the church. Do not like for them to leave home at such a time.

(Saturday, Sept. 3.) The railroad has been cut both ways, so that there is no communications with Nashville, although the Feds say there is a chance of it being repaired in a day or two. We are entirely cut off from any reliable news. One of their officers said yesterday that the news from Atlanta would not do to bet on. Just as we thought.

They were fighting all day yesterday at Athens, with what result is not known to us. It is also rumored that the Rebels have Shelbyville.

Gen. Ed. McCook and command are here.

(Monday, Sept. 5.) Lieut. Whitton called this morning and brought me some sugar and candles. Not acquainted, but Mrs. D., with whom he boards, mentioned my wants, and he kindly offered to procure them for me. By this means, I get sugar at 14 cents (government price), whereas I should have to give 50, and other things in proportion. Truly, there are some gentlemen among them. He called at the door this evening and left a lady's book.

(Saturday, Sept. 10.) Sue left today for Mr. Watkins', where she has engaged to teach for five months. There is quite a mania for teaching among the young ladies, which is certainly praiseworthy, for if the young ladies do not volunteer their services in educating the present generation, to where shall we go for teachers? We have been too dependent upon the North in this respect, as in others.

Sue has not yet reurned from Missouriville. Eddie, too, is there. Billy has a situation at the depot, which keeps him day and night, so that my household has dwindled down to myself and the four little ones. An occasional visitor drops in and imparts the news. Some of it cheering and some otherwise.

Miss Florence C. says that a Rebel newspaper has been smuggled in. It tells us that Grant has abandoned the siege of Petersburg and that Lee is in possession of the Weldon railroad, and that Early has given the enemy a severe whipping in the Shenandoah Valley.

Then, on the other hand, the Feds say that Sherman is 20 miles south of Atlanta and that he has had a battle, and there is no end to the prisoners taken. First, they said, they captured 12,000 Rebels, but the number has now dwindled down to 3,000.

The Rebels are said to have had Athens, Pulaski and Shelbyville alternately in their possession the last week. Certain it is that there is no communication with Nashville either way. We are completely shut in from all knowledge of the outer world, surrounded by Rebels and yet never permitted to behold the light of their dear faces. The railroad is being constantly cut as fast as the Yanks can repair it.

Am filling up the hours of tediousness and loneliness in reading "The Diary and Letters of Madam D'Arblay." Can hear nothing of the whereabouts of my "cara sposa."

Col. Anderson, the murderer of Mr. Davis, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment! Mild sentence for crimes such as his!

(Monday, Sept. 12, 1864.) Mr. Tom White called this morning to tell me that my husband was at the river and had sent me some messages through Col. Chapman, a Federal officer. Went immediately to Mrs. White's to try and get further particulars. Mrs. White and her son volunteered to aid me in trying to get a conveyance and to procure passes to the river. Am perfectly excited at the news and wholly unfitted to attend to my domestic concerns.

(Night.) Mr. White informs me that no passes will be allowed to ladies to go to the river.

(Sept. 18.) Miss Kitty Brickell called to say that there was a letter for me at the provost's office, that the official would not let her have it, but sent word to me to come in person and get it.

I at once proceeded to the provost's office and went through the ceremony of receiving it. It was from my dear W. D., inquiring and urging me to get permission to come and see him. Gen. Grainger and Col. Horner, the proper authorities for grant-

ing such permission, were absent at Decatur, but were hourly expected.

In the evening Mrs. Burton called and said that she had been to the river and that she had only a pass to go outside of the pickets, but had succeeded in seeing her husband, and that my "cara spoca" had come over with him under flag of truce, thinking that I was with her, and, of course, was sadly disappointed. Sent me word to try and come tomorrow as he must leave the day following. I must make another effort.

Mr. Hereford came after supper to go with me to Col. Horner's headquarters. He had not returned, neither had Gen. Grainger. Several other ladies are in the same situation. The subordinates will not give us passes, as they say no communication whatever is allowed.

Returned home and resolved to go on a pass from the provost to go beyond the pickets and try my chance for the rest. Found Billy at home, and he promised to come early with a conveyance and accompany me.

(Sept. 14.) Passed a sleepless night. My nervous system was excited to the utmost pitch, caused by alternate emotions of hope and fear.

Was ready by 8 a.m. Walked down to Mrs. B's, who was also going to send word to W. D. that I was coming if she got there first. Put a silk handkerchief and two cigars in my pocket and took a bottle of home-made wine as tokens of remembrance to my dear, and was off by 9 o'clock.

O, how did my heart flutter and tremble with fear all the way, lest I should fail in seeing him, whom I had not seen in 10 long months. I took little Davie (her son) with us. My husband had not seen him for two and a half years. Mrs. Bradford and Mrs. Fulton were also in company with us.

Arriving at the river, we sent to the camp for the captain in command. He came—a handsome, gentlemanly young man—Kingman by name. He asked me if I had the requesite papers authorizing him to bring my husband over. I replied that I

had nothing but a pass to come outside the pickets, the proper authorities being absent. Hearing that my husband would leave the next day, I had come down to appeal to his generosity and take the chances.

He replied that he felt a deep interest in Col. Chadick and would bring him over to see me, together with Mr. Fulton, but that it would be the last time he would cross anyone without written permission from the general. He said he was running a great risk and might lose his commission by it, and begged me to keep it a secret.

How shall I ever thank Capt. Kingman for his noble generosity!

The soldiers took us to their quarters and gave us a cup of hot coffee. We then proceeded to the river. The flag of truce was waving upon the boat. The captain and the soldiers jumped in and soon landed upon the opposite shore.

Just then a gunboat passed down the river. I had never seen one before and it reminded me of pictures I had seen in Roman history, but I had no time to inspect it, as all my thoughts and my eyes were upon the returning skiff and its precious freight.

Soon we were clasped in each other's arms. Then we scrutinized each other. He was looking remarkably well, dressed in a handsome suit of gray with bright buttons. A gray coat is such a treat! It did my eyes good to look at it.

He was delighted to see little Dave and Billy. We walked up the bank, and placed the carriage cushions on some rocks underneath the trees, and seated ourselves for a chat, as only half hour was allowed. At the same time, we were closely guarded by the enemy, who watchd our every word and look.

Soon, too soon, it was all over and, after we had bade each other farewell, he returned to Dixie and I to Yankeedom, both the happier I trust for the meeting. I tried not to shed a tear or to indulge in any sad reflections upon the occasion. After my return, the excitement was too great for me. I went to bed, sick and unable to hold up my head for two days.

(Sunday, Sept. 18.) Communication is again opened between here and Nashville, and permits have been granted for eight stores to be opened. They say that, since Sherman has taken Atlanta, there is nothing in the way of trade.

Sent a letter to Dave a day or two since by Mr. Herrick for him to send me a lead-colored straw bonnet by said gentleman. Hitherto, all the goods we have been able to get have been brought from Nashville, with much difficulty in getting permits, transportation, et cetera.

Mr. Jim Rogers was brought in a prisoner this week. Went to Mrs. Toney's this evening to see him. He looks well, was well dressed and in fine spirits for a captured man.

Sent another letter yesterday to Macon, Ga., making further investigation in regard to the fate of Col. Dale. Heard also of the death of Arthur Robinson, a prisoner at Johnson's Island. Sad, sad news for his family.

(Sept. 22.) We have a new provost marshal, Col. Horner. Everybody who asks for a pass or for any favor whatever is required to take either the amnesty oath or the oath of allegiance. More severe measures than have heretofore been used. Eddy went for a pass this morning to go to the country, and returned quite crestfallen. Couldn't subscribe to the terms.

(Sept. 23.) Tonight, Mr. Venable called and said the trains were behind time, consequently no news or papers.

(Sept. 25.) Another panic among the enemy. A heavy force of Rebels took Athens yesterday, capturing three regiments. Five hundred reinforcements were sent from Decatur and they, too, were "gobbled up." Forrest and Roddy are supposed to be in command. The train that was due Friday night was captured and the road badly torn up.

(Sept. 26.) The Rebel force is said to be moving up in the direction of Nashville. Gens. Steadman and Common arrived last night on their way to Decatur, but, on learning this, turned

back towards Stevenson. There is news this evening that the Confeds still hold Athens, and the Yanks think they will certainly be here tonight.

(Sept. 29.) Forrest is confidently looked for tonight. New troops have come in and gone to the fort.

Many anecdotes are told of Forrest at Athens by the enemy. He took several hundred prisoners there and at other points, and has completely destroyed the road between here and Pulaski, burning the bridges, destroying trestle work, and says when he has finished with this road, the enemy is welcome to it for six months. A Fed said yesterday that Forrest was a dashing-looking officer and the most taking one in his ways he had ever seen. It is plain that the enemy fear him.

(Sept. 30.) It is current among the enemy this morning that Gen. Sherman, with the 15th Army Corps, will be here tonight to resist the movements of Forrest; if true, we as citizens have everything to fear. Yet, it may be just a ruse to cheer and encourage the small force that is here. That a large force will be sent to meet him there is little doubt.

(3 p.m.) Enemy apparently in great commotion. Wagons running to and fro with cotton bales. Soldiers hurrying hither and yon. What does it mean?

Here comes Ed. A force went out this morning to hunt Forrest. When about nine miles from town, 50 of them were "gobbled up" and the remainder came tearing back—sans hats, et cetera. One of them took a horse yesterday from Robert Bannister, and today a Rebel knocked him off and took it. They brought back three Rebel prisoners.

Gen. Grainger came up from Decatur, and he and his officers are having a consultation in the courthouse before dinner.

(5 p.m.) The Rebels are thundering at the gates, or, in other words, they are drawn up in line of battle across the Meridianville pike, on the edge of town, the enemy opposing them. Occasional shots are fired.

(Night.) All is quiet. Occasional showers, with thunder and lightning. Try to calm my excited nerves by reading "Miss Burney's Letters." Have got the children all quietly to bed.

(9 p.m.) Conclude there will be no attacks tonight. I lay aside my book and retired. Just as I was sinking into the arms of Morpheus, I was aroused by the violent ringing of the door bell. It was Willis Harris come to tell us that Gen. Buford had demanded an unconditional surrender, and that Gen. Grainger had replied that he would "burn the town first, and that he would fight him there, or in the fort." Grainger sent word to Mrs. Toney that he would give all the citizens two hours to get out of the town. Horrible! Now, what is to be done?

All the children were aroused from their peaceful slumber and hastily dressed. Then such hurrying together of clothes to carry with us. Here comes Mr. Harris and Mrs. Figures to see what is to be done. Finally settled it that we will do nothing until we hear something further. Misses Parker and Cooper have gone to Mrs. Grainger's to make further inquiries.

(Morning.) All up at daylight and packing up. Gen. Forrest or Buford sent word that the women and children must get out of town by 7 o'clock.

Ate a hasty breakfast. Some advise to go. Others say that the safest place for the people on this street is in their houses, as they are under the guns of the fort. Am in a state of the most nervous excitement in regard to what I ought to do with so many little helpless ones dependent upon me for protection. Most of my neighbors resolved to stay, and so will I.

Here comes Billy from a panic-stricken quarter of the town and here comes Ed with a small wagon. Both say we must get out of town in a hurry, as it is going to be burned. Cannons are booming from the fort. Some of them are making the children cry, and all begging to go. So we packed them into the wagon with a lunch and a few things, and sent them out to old Mrs. Steele's under Jennie's care. Resolved to stay ourselves and risk the chances, not being able to walk so far this morning.

Suffering tortures with my old disease. I am alone with Margaret, faithful servant. Here comes Mrs. Hewlett. She has

been to the fort to solicit Gen. Grainger not to shell the college. He replied that, if the Confederates come within 300 yards of the fort, "I have orders to fire every house in town within half an hour. You can take your young ladies to the hospital. They will be safe there."

(9 a.m.) The firing has ceased. No attack yet from the Rebs. The town is surrounded on three sides, and they are tearing up the railroad as fast as they can.

A Yankee captain just came in to see why Mrs. Thurston's wagon does not return. He says that they are skirmishing down by the depot. I can see Yankee soldiers prowling around my neighbors' lots. One said the family had not gone from here, as he saw a negro. I heartily wish the children had remained with me.

(1 p.m.) All is quiet. Wonder what it means. Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Mayhew, in endeavoring to escape from town, were stopped by the Rebels and divested of all their luggage. They took from Mrs. Mayhew two bolts of domestic, all her shoes, and one of them told her that the last thing his wife told him was to bring her some shoes. From Mrs. Parker, they took all her clothing and a large amount of money. They evidently took them for Yankee women and told them they were traveling in too fine a carriage. They said they were too well dressed, and that they had been told to watch for just such a carriage. It is to be hoped that, when this is explained, the things will be restored.

(5 p.m.) All apprehensions of an attack today from the Rebels seem to be pretty well over, and they say that the latter have retired. It is raining very hard, accompanied by thunder. O, that my little ones were at home!

(Sunday, Oct. 2.) All quiet. The Rebels have disappointed and disappeared. The little refugee children have just returned, all mud and dirt. They said they stayed all night at old Mrs. Steele's with a large crowd. The pickets said as they went out that such a pretty family of children could pass anywhere.

It is now generally understood that the whole thing was a feint on the part of Gen. Forrest to enable him to get 200 wagons, which he captured from the enemy, across the river. Most of the Federal force was sent off from here yesterday, for what purpose I know not.

Mrs. Mayhew came in to give me an account of her adventures. She says it was done and the carriage arrested by a major and a captain. The carriage was sent forward, while they were ordered to walk around a hill. When they came up with it, their things had been plundered and the officers had disappeared.

The Confederates generally were highly indignant with the outrage and said the men who did it ought to be hung. Col. Kelley promised to have the matter investigated and, if the things could be found, they should be restored under flag of truce.

The shells and cannon from the fort wounded only one Confederate soldier, who had to have his leg amputated. Three Yankees were killed in the little skirmish Friday evening. Stayed all alone in the house last night, except for a servant, who slept in the room with me.

(Oct. 4.) Still raining. Sent George and Davis to the depot for some provisions, which Billy had purchased from a soldier—one month's rations, that is, four pounds of sugar, two and a half pounds of coffee, 22 pounds of bacon and a half box of crackers.

Heard that there were two letters for me at the postoffice. Sent for them, when 10 cents was demanded before delivery. Georgia, not having the money, returned without them. What new system of extortion is this from these upstarts in office?

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were arrested and carried before the provost today on a charge of feeding Rebels during the feint of Saturday last. Have not heard the result. Am suffering with a dreadful nervous headache.

(Oct. 5.) Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were required to take the oath and give a $1,000 bond, besides the humiliation of being escorted to town by a negro guard.

(Oct. 6.) How beautiful the sunshine after four days of incessant rain! Sent George and Dave to the depot after provisions. In addition to the things above mentioned, they brought me some dried beef, cheese, a bottle of vinegar and half a box of hard crackers.

Went to the college this evening to call on Mrs. Hewlett, Mrs. Plummer and Mrs. Hereford. Heard that Gen. Hood's army had disappeared to Gen. Sherman's great discomfiture. It is supposed they are moving up into Tennessee. It is also said that 100 citizens of this place are to be sent across the river in the count of the next 10 days for exulting when Forrest approached last week.

(Oct. 7.) Went this morning to call on Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Breck, Mrs. Rice and Bishop Lay, who were here from Atlanta. Missed the last of the four, however, as he left this morning.

Mrs. Harris called this evening for me to go with her to a provision store in search of meat. While standing, talking with her upon the pavement, three soldiers passed, who were greatly struck with my fine roses, now in bloom, and asked permission to pull some of them, which was readily given.

They came inside the gate and comemnced a very gay sort of chat, showing at once that their tongues had been a little "oiled." As their discourse became more vehement frequently laying a finger upon our army by way of emphasis, one, a fine looking fellow, said he was from Canada and came here out of curiosity to see the South and the Southern people, but planned to stay on, as it was the prettiest place he had ever seen. He thanked me for the courtesy, and said that he should come again on the morrow and again the next day, and the next, as long as the roses continued to bloom. They walked off like they were stepping on eggs, but managed to sustain their equilibrium.

(Oct. 8.) Xenia Pruitt (colored) came to town this morning, bringing me a present of a ham and side of meat from Mr. Thompson in her neighborhood. She also brought one bushel of sweet potatoes and some corn, which is quite acceptable in these times of scarcity and dearness of provisions, and for which I feel truly grateful.

Mrs. Harris just came in for me to go to the market with her to make some arrangement for beef. She tells me that bacon is 40 cents per pound and very scarce. Spent the day in mending and sewing upon a shirt for my "sposa," the fourth I have made him, hoping the time near at hand when I can covey them to him. At night, Jennie lent to Mrs. Hereford and I read "Madam D'Arblay," Dr. Ross having just sent me the seventh volume.

(Wednesday, Oct. 12.) Just recovered from two days' nervous headache. Assisted Jennie today in making an English barage dress. Kittie Brickell and Mrs. Hereford called in the evening, and we all enjoyed a hearty laugh at George and Davie, who went to the courthouse to get a pass. They were asked if they had taken the oath, or if their father had. Otherwise, they would have no pass.

The little fellows came home in a high state of indignation. The whole thing struck us as so supremely ridiculous, and the boys were so angry that we could not help amusing ourselves at their expense. So we all urged them with great seriousness to go back and take it, and not let all their pleasure be spoiled by so trifling a ceremony. George's face flushed with angry surprise, and he said that it was "a pill he could not swallow." Davie said that it would not stay on his stomach, that he would throw it up.

We then urged them to each take a spoonful of preserves and go up to the provost and tell him that they had brought something to take it in. This Col. Horner excels all the provost marshals we have yet had in his malice and ill will toward those whom he does call Rebels. He certainly has provost marshal on the brain, and reminds us of another illustrious namesake, Jacky Horner, who, in his unbounded pride, exclaimed, "O, what a great, big boy am I!"

(Friday, Oct. 14, 1864.) My true friend, Mrs. Pruitt, sent me a small jar of peach preserves.

(Oct. 15.) Just received a note from Sue, urging me to answer it at once that she might have something for Sunday reading. Replied, suggesting at the same time that one of the epistles of St. Paul might prove more edifying and instructive. Finished embroidering a bridal pincushion and took it to Mrs. Elliott, for which I received $1.50.

(Oct. 16.) Heard today that Forrest had taken Eastport and that Hood's army was near Chattanooga. The enemy look rather blue. Two regiments have received orders to leave since morning.

Hark! A band of music playing "The Mocking Bird." They are at this moment marching by on their way to the depot. Joy go with them, so that they never return! Everybody has been gloomy at the thought of their taking up Winter quarters here, and we can only pray and hope that such a calamity may be altered by their being compelled to evacuate.

(Oct. 17.) Yesterday, the enemy sent out 10 wagons on a foraging expedition, and they were all captured!

Gen. Grainger's family all leave tonight for Nashville, which looks rather significant. Miss Kate Lane is to be married tonight to Col. Towns, one of Gen. Logan's staff. Gen. Grainger's family and many others leaving tonight. Was a great disappointment to the family, as they expected quite a crowd.

(Oct. 18.) Spent the evening, as they expected me to, sociably with Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Mayhew. Came home and found Jennie going to Mrs. Hereford's to stay all night.

Lt. Whitton (Federal) called in to say goodbye, being ordered to the front. Our acquaintance with this gentleman is very limited, having met him but once at Mrs. Davis'. He afterwards told Mrs. Davis that he would draw anything I wished from the commissaries, and, being very short of provisions, I

availed myself of this kind offer. He drew coffee, sugar and candles, and brought them to me himself, which was truly kind. At another time, he called at the door and left me a lady's book, for all of which he felt himself bound to say, "Farewell, Mrs. Chadick."

(Oct. (20.) Have just arisen from a spell of severe headache. Sent Clara to Mrs. Miller's for my hat, had it altered and pressed the crown, made "waterfall," now the vogue.

(Sunday, Oct. 21.) Here comes Xenia, with a present of 750 pounds of flour from Mr. Thompson. A bag of turnips and sweet potatoes from Mrs. Pruitt and a small basket of onions and apples from Mrs. Otey. I shall not forget my Meridianville friends.

And here comes Nancy Watkins, colored, riding in on horseback at the alley gate with a note from Sue and with a basket of nuts for the children. I am truly glad to get this, as the boys were again refused a pass for that purpose this morning.

We have a fine, fat yearling—our dependence for beef this Fall, and owing to the presence of the enemy, we have to keep it in the back yard.

Hark! Two shots are fired near us. What's that? Shortly after, Ed comes in and reports that someone has left the gate open, and the calf is out and gone! Everyone starts in pursuit. Returned after dark with no success. Gave it up as lost and gobbled up, no doubt, by the soldiers.

(Oct 22.) Ed and Georgie went out at daylight to look for the calf with no success. While at breakfast, someone drove it home, but it had a minnie ball through one side of its head—probably the shot we heard. Hope it will live.

Went to church and heard a most excellent discourse from Dr. Ross. Text: "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of Judgment."

Read a Sunday school book to the children in the evening, after which was surprised by an agreeable visit from Mr. Trotman.

(Oct. 24.) A negro soldier came in my back yard this morning and took deliberate aim at my house dog, and fired right in the midst of a group—Margaret and her children—the ball plowing the ground within a yard of one of the latter. The ball missed the head of the dog, going between his legs. I sprang to the door, calling out, "What are you shooting my dog for?" He replied, "God d—n you, why don't you come out and keep him off me?" "It's nothing but a damned Secesh no how," he said and got away in a hurry, two other black cowards standing sentinel at the gate.

Such outrages from negro soldiers are hard to submit to. Went to Col. Lynn (at Mrs. Rice's), commander of the post, to report these negroes. Was politely and kindly heard. He admitted that it was an outrage and said that they were sent out to press other negroes to work upon the fortifications, and were no tallowed to go in private homes without a white officer with them.

He promised to investigate the matter and prevent a similar recurrence of such conduct, and that as soon as the work upon the fortifications was finished they should be sent off from here, adding that he had but little use for negroes as soldiers or in any other way, and saying, "Upon my word, Madam, you treat them much better than we do."

(Oct. 25.) Panic No. 6. Hood is at Decatur and has made an attack on that place today at noon. Cannons have been heard here all the evening. All the available troops have been sent from here to Whitesburg with several guns from the fort to prevent the Rebels from crossing at that place. There is not a single picket out tonight, and if it were only daylight, we could, for the first time in a year, go where we pleased without a pass. The Yanks and army are in great trepidation, confidently looking for them here.

(Oct. 26.) In a state of uncertainty as regards Decatur. Gen. Grainger despatched to his wife at midnight last night

to pack up and leave on the first train, and not to stop at Nashville, but to go directly North. It is now generally believed that Gen. Hood's destination is Nashville. A good many troops passed to Decatur yesterday evening, raw levies, two-months men. A sutler from there reports today that 300 of them got suddenly sick, unable to cross the river when they got there, and 90 of those who did cross were killed.

The children, Davie and Mary, are dressing for a party at Mrs. Bradford's, given by little Mattie Ashford.

(Oct. 27.) Many soldiers, wounded, were brought in last night from Decatur. There is heavy fighting going on still. Cannon are distinctly heard, but we can learn nothing of how the battle goes. Eighty Confederate prisoners were brought in this evening, taken in the trenches. They would not permit citizens to talk with them.

There are not 100 Federal soldiers in Huntsville. They have been moving their ammunition from the magazine today, and everything looks like they were preparing to leave.

The price of goods has fallen considerably. Went this evening to see Mrs. Hereford, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Brickell and Mrs. Fackler. A surgeon waited upon the latter this morning to inform her that her house would probably be taken for the wounded.

(Oct. 28.) Still fighting at Decatur. Went to the square this evening with Mrs. Steele to look at the new goods. Mr. Herrick gave Mary a beautiful dress. Every store in town is filled with beautiful goods. Nearly all the female portion of Huntsville were abroad this evening shopping. The rush was caused by the new order which is to go into effect on Monday, that is, that no person can buy over $1 worth without a permit, for which they pay 25 cents, and if over $10, they must take the oath.

Various reports are in circulation this evening: that Gen. Claiborne's division is crossing at Decatur, Gen. Cheatham at Elkton, and other portions of Hood's army at Claysville. The

enemy seem to be completely mystified in regard to the Rebel movements.

(Nov. 1.) Last evening, Mr. Herrick took tea with us. Owing to the scarcity of the times, had a very plain supper. A good cup of coffee, broiled ham and chipped beef, biscuits, batter cakes and light bread, canned fruit (peaches and cream) concluded that bill of fare.

Eddie commenced clerking for Mr. H. a day or two ago. On Sunday evening, the Rebels came near town and burned the contraband camp. Mr. Tate Lowry's house is being occupied by negroes. Today, Jim (Corinna's boy) came home to see us for the first time since last March. He seemed delighted and stayed nearly all day, and said that, if the Rebs came, he was coming to me for protection. We have no reliable news. Nobody seems to know the whereabouts of Hood's army.

(Nov. 3.) Have just finished braiding a beautiful little cloak for Mary. Gray flannel braided with blue. Eddie has come in and says that Mr. Herrick will start for Nashville in the morning, and will take letters for me.

Dismissed the children to bed, and wrote Dave and Julia each a long letter. Wonder if they will reach their destination. Have made arrangements for him to bring my bonnet and dress, and feel that I am running a great risk to have them sent just at this time.

(Friday, Nov. 4.) Just sent Sue two letters, one from myself and the other from Miss Robinson in Dixie. Sue has not been home now since she left two months ago, even though only five miles distant, all because Col. Horner (alias Do-much, the colonel of the regiment being Col. Dolittle) will not get her a pass unless she takes the oath. A Federal (Capt. Fordyce, father of the present Col. John R. Fordyce of Little Rock, Ark., through whose kindness this diary was obtained), knowing the facts, unsolicited, very kindly procured her a pass from Gen. Rousseau at Nashville for 60 days and sent it to Mrs. Hereford, and she will get it this evening.

(Nov. 5.) Jennie and I were busy at work this morning finishing up a new black and white alpaca dress when we were surprised by the entrance of Sue. She seems overjoyed to get home again, is quite fat and rosy. She brought the children a quantity of persimmons, hickory nuts and popcorn.

Went this evening to see Miss Tanny Moore, who has just come from across the river, to learn if she had lately seen my dear W. D. (her husband). She had not seen him, but had learned that he was on his way to Whitesburg.

(Nov. 7.) Learned that Judge Hammond was just from Whitesburg, and went up town this morning to Mr. Herrick's store and sent for him. Mr. McDowell kindly volunteered to go in search for him, and soon reappeared with him. He said that my husband had just arrived at the river on the opposite shore, but could not tell me whether he was still there or not. How my heart yearns to see him, not only now, but daily—nay, hourly. I can safely say that he is never mentally absent from me. Did know that he was certainly at the river today and would remain for a day or two. I would leave no means untried to see him, notwithstanding the difficulties that surrounded me.

Made me a pair of black cloth gaiters today and sent them to the country to be sold. My first attempt in the shoemaking line.

Little Mary told me today that she had a new Sunday school teacher and, upon asking her name, she replied that she did not know, but it was the lady who went outdoors so much without her bonnet and got sunburned.

(Nov. 8.) Sent this morning in search of Tom. Found him at his wife's house. He looked surprised and embarrassed to see me, and said that the reason he had not been round was because he had so much work to do elsewhere. He has evidently assumed his freedom. So farewell to our last servant. He consented to come up and go to mill, and Mrs. Parker kindly furnished me a horse. When he left, after bringing the meal, I requested him to return as usual. He replied he would when

he had time. I gave him some fine chewing tobacco, which seemed amply to satisfy him for his trouble.

Sue returned this evening. Today is the presidential election at the North.

(Nov. 9.) There is news today that Forrest has made a successful debut into Kentucky.

(Nov. 11.) The enemy hearing that some Confederate soldiers were at Mr. James Robinson's plantation, Col. Horner proceeded thither last evening, with a company of soldiers and the notorious Finch Britt as a guide. Surrounding the house, they demanded a surrender, telling them it was useless to resist as they had 50 men. The reply was, "If you want us, come and take us."

Finch Britt was stationed at a window, where he was immediately shot. Thus have the enemy lost a most valuable scout and the citizens of the countryside a most dangerous foe. Col. Horner narrowly escaped. He had one of his shoulder straps shot off.

The Confeds, number not known, made their escape, but Mr. Nugent, an innocent man occupying the house with his family, was unfortunately killed. The next day, Col. Horner sent up a squad of men to lay the house in ashes, an inglorious revenge, we should say, for a Methodist preacher, for such is said to have been his vocation before the war.

(Saturday, Nov. 12.) Rose late with a nervous headache. Mrs. Mayhew and Miss Hattie Figures brought their sewing and spent the morning with me.

The college buildings are ordered to be vacated for a hospital. Thus are five or six families and several young ladies from a distance from their homes turned out of doors upon a few hours' notice. Mrs. Wilson is sending most of the furniture out among her friends. A fine piano has just been brought here, as well as six poster chairs, a large hair-cloth armchair, two

fancy Gothic chairs and some pictures. Also the portraits of Bishop Andrews and Dr. Irwin.

Went shopping this evening with Clara and bought a hoop skirt.

(Nov. 15.) Four days of unremitted headache and am yet barely able to sit up. Billy has given up his situation at the depot and come home today to stay. Miss Jennie Moore died Sunday night and was buried today.

(Nov. 17.) A bright, beautiful day for the middle of November. Went in my front yard and made most beautiful bouquets of roses, evergreens and Autumn leaves for my vases. Spent the morning in arranging and distributing the furniture sent here from the college. Then heard Davie and little Mary's lessons as usual.

Mary is a droll little creature. When she spells a word, she stops to explain it. She spelled "p-a-s-s, pass; passed by the pickets and didn't have no pass and wouldn't stop." This reminds us of old Brother Elliott, a preacher in our church. He accosted a Yankee officer thus: "Good evening, sir. Picketed in on every side but one, and that is the road that leads straight up to Heaven. I have traveled that road three times a day and have never met a picket yet."

Miss Berry Fram and Mrs. Mayhew came in and sat with me till dark.

(Oct. 18.) Received a note today from my dear W. D., written two weeks ago, while he was at Whitesburg, and has been lying at the provost marshal's office ever since. It is a kind, sweet missive and cheers my heart. May God bless and preserve him in all his absence, and assist me to bear it patiently.

Sue came home again this evening. The pickets did not question her pass, but their curiosity was excited, and one of them said to another, "I will register that pass."

(Nov. 19.) "Never rains but it pours." Never was an old saying more truly verified. It has rained incessantly day and night nearly all the week. Mr. Hereford called in to see Sue, and she and Jennie both went there in the rain to stay all night.

(Sunday, Nov. 20.) Still cloudy and occasionally a drizzling rain. Just started all the children to Sabbath school and church. Prevented from going myself by a pain in the face. Just sat down to write in my journal when Mr. Tom Barum called to see Sue. He had just gone when Mr. Wilkinson came to take her back to the country. He dined with us and gave us the news.

Gen. Sherman is moving either upon Savannah or Charleston, burning Atlanta and all the towns behind him, and completely destroying the railroad. Beauregard is reported in front of him and Hood in his rear. There was fighting yesterday at New Market between Russell's cavalry and the Yankees. The railroad was also torn up so that the trains did not get in.

(Wednesday, Nov. 23.) There is another excitement this evening, but how much foundation there is for it, we know not. It is thought that the enemy are evacuating here. They say that Hood's whole army is at Decatur, and Forrest in front of them.

(Nov. 24.) The panic increases. The enemy are actually taking their departure. The whole town is in commotion. The trade stores—many of them are closed—are packing their goods as rapidly as possible. Others are selling out as fast as they can at cost, and such another rush of men and women to furnish themselves with goods was truly never seen. Jennie and I went on the square with the crowd, and I purchased calico and socks and other things in proportion.

(Night.) Went this evening to see Mrs. Davis and passed Corinna having a wagon loaded for the depot. She goes to Nashville tonight. The officer who has her in charge went to a Yankee lady at Mrs. Davis' today, and begged her to take Corinna under her charge, telling her that she was a very smart servant, and that her master was a tyrant and a colonel in the

Confederate army, and had once taken her off South. Mrs. Davis advised the lady to have nothing to do with her, that her master had always been a kind one and, although he had once taken her across the river, he had brought her back when she wanted to come.

I went back and spoke to Corinna, and asked her where and why she was going. She said that it was to Nashville to avoid the Rebels. She was at first inclined to be important and impolite, but when I talked kindly to her, she changed her tone and said that, if things had not gone so far, she would not have gone. I told her that I did not ask her to stay, but if she was ever in want or needed a home, she could come back, and that she should be kindly treated. She commenced crying and the Yankees hurried her off.

A large proportion of Africa is collected at the depot tonight, awaiting transportation. The work of evacuation is going on rapidly. Fires are burning in different quarters of the town where there have been camps, which makes quite an illumination. Many fear that they will set fire to the town before leaving.

Went with Eddie since supper to Mr. Donnegan to ask him to loan me some money to make a few purchases in the morning. My request was kindly and readily granted. He is every inch a gentleman, and Mrs. Donnegan is equally a lady.

Had the misfortune to be very sick and unable to see anybody, consequently missed the opportunity of making many cheap bargains at the stores, as they are still selling out. Spent the day in great suffering from a violent sick headache, increased, doubtless, by the excitement.

(Saturday, Nov. 26.) Rose immediately after breakfast, notwithstanding my great weakness from yesterday's illness, and went on the square to buy myself sick. Purchased shoes, calico, soda, pickles, oysters, knives and forks, plates, tumblers, and a hat and pants for W. D.

They were burning the papers belonging to the provost marshal's office in the courthouse yard, and there was a great stir

among the enemy generally. It is said that Rebel cavalry are hovering in the neighborhood, and that seven negro soldiers were killed today near the house of Charley Strong.

The enemy all expect to get away by morning. The soldiers threaten to burn the town, and there is a strong guard out to prevent it. Green Academy is burning at this moment. Many families in town are left without a single servant, all gone to the Yankees. The country all around the depot is perfectly black with them.

Just one year ago today, the Federals occupied Huntsville from Brownsboro, where they had their camp.

(Sunday, Nov. 27.) Everything remained quiet during the night. The enemy have not all left, but are getting away as fast as they can. The railroad has been cut during the night, and they are marching out, followed by a long line of contrabands with their plunder. Stragglers are going around town, taking all the horses they can find out of the stables. Citizens, disloyal to the South, are also leaving in great haste on mules or anything that they can find to ride.

Billy has been down to the depot to see if he can secure some provisions at the hotel, as the proprietor has to run. Eddie has just come in and says that some negroes just fired Donnegan's block, one of the finest buildings in town, but the citizens with the aid of the soldiers, succeeded in putting it out.

Two regiments are still in town, helping the refugees to leave. The railroad being torn up is a mistake. It was a collision, but cannot learn any particulars. The supplies have arrived—half a barrel of pickeled pork, dried beef, mackerel, half a barrel of rice, white beans, sweet potatoes, 25 pounds of brown sugar, 20 pounds of coffee, four cans of print and soda, box of cigars.

Dressed the children and started them for Sunday school, but they returned, there being none—too much excitement. It does not seem like the Sabbath.

(9 o'clock.) The last Yankee has gone and we are again free. They did not get off till dark, as the cavalry had to go with the train to guard it. Many apprehensions were felt by the citizens lest they should be detained overnight. Many of the common soldiers made threats of burning the town. They burned Governor Chapman's house today.

(Nov. 28.) Russell's cavalry (Confederate) entered the town this morning. The Yankees sent back a train guarded by negro soldiers, from 75 to 100, to bring back the remaining contrabands at the depot. A Confederate officer fired at them, and the shot was returned. He fired again several times, and called to his men to charge to the right and to the left, not having a single man at his command. The soldiers took to their heels toward the woods. The abandoned train and locomotive were sent to Decatur.

Many females went upon the square to talk to our soldiers, but, for ourselves, we stayed at home and mended and tacked down a carpet, and regulated everything generally, as the arrival of W. D. is confidently expected soon.

(Saturday, Dec. 3.) Spent the week in finishing up my sewing and preparations for the return of my dear W. D., who has not yet arrived. Mrs. Watkins spent the day with me on Tuesday, and took little Mary home with her to stay until Sue returns to town. Bless her little heart. How we all miss her, but none so much as her ma. Mrs. Peebles and Frank came on Wednesday and stayed until Thursday.

Many of the contrabands who left the Yankees are returning. We have news today that old Uncle Tom has been captured by the Rebels. Whether true, we know not, but hope it may be, as he deserves a good scare for his ingratitude and unfaithfulness to his master. There is a courier arrived this morning on his way to Gen. Roddy. He says that Gen. Hood is skirmishing with the enemy 15 miles from Nashville.

Eddie has enlisted in a company called "Jordan's Life Guards," made up of most of the nicest boys in Huntsville. Mr. Tom Jordan is captain. They belong to Col. W's regiment, Roddy's command.

(Sunday, Dec. 4.) This is the 15th anniversary of my wedding day. Wonder if he recalls it to his recollection amid his wanderings. As he is not particularly sentimental, I fear he does not, especially as he has matters of grave importance to fix his attention just now. Am looking anxiously for his arrival. Did not go to church, not being at all well.

Heard that Dr. Ross predicted in his sermon that the enemy would never return to Huntsville. Heaven send it may come true!

News came tonight of a bloody battle near Franklin, Tenn., fought on Wednesday last, in which we lost heavily in officers, Gen. Claiborne among the number. The army (enemy) was completely routed and driven towards Nashville.

(Tuesday, Dec. 8.) Went last night to see Mr. Matt Steele, who has just returned. Could give me no tidings of W. D. On my return home, found Mr. Harvey Donnegan, who made himself exceedingly interesting by a description of his interviews with a Yankee lieutenant under flag of truce.

Was disturbed in the night by a sudden and violent ringing of the door bell. Went to the window and asked who was there. Two soldiers wanted Eddie in a hurry to come to the courthouse, as the Yankees were reported at Beaconboro. He came back directly and reported it as a false alarm.

(Dec. 7.) Yesterday, the scouts came in and said the enemy were at Larkinsville with a heavy cavalry force. Nothing but trouble and excitement all day. Was glad W. D. had not arrived. Yet, this morning, am looking for him as anxiously as ever, as there has nothing further been heard from the Yankees.

(Dec. 11.) John Robinson arrived today from Marion. Says W. D. will certainly be here in a day or two. Weather exceedingly cold.

(Dec. 12.) DeWitt called to see us today, right from Hood's army. He and Jennie were going out to make some visits

this evening, when he returned and said, "Mrs. Chadick, here is something at the gate that you love very much." Sprang up and ran out, and was clasped in the arms of W. D. After an exile of 14 months, he is once more permitted a short repose in the bosom of his family. Our joy is great, too great for expression. We can only thank God for bringing about this happy reunion and enjoy it deep down in our heart of hearts.

(Dec. 16.) Last night, we had another panic. The Yankees were reported not many miles off. They had made a raid into Vienna (New Hope), led on by the notorious Bert Harris, a renegade, and burned the remainder of the town, and it was expected they would be in Huntsville by daybreak.

Our two soldiers were in the saddle at once, and went to the square to see what was going on. As there was not sufficient force to meet the enemy, it was decided to run. W. D. went out on a scout with Col. Russell and some of his men, and spent the night on the mountain. About daybreak, we were aroused by the firing of guns and by loud shouts, and it was instantly announced that the Yankees were in town. All was excitement at once.

We commenced dressing and hiding our valuables when, suddenly, W. D. made his appearance and pronounced it all a hoax. It was a trick of Col. Russell to try the mettle of a brother officer. Of course, we were all greatly relieved.

(Dec. 18.) Went to church today to hear Dr. Ross, accompanied by W. D. for the first time in 15 months. On reaching the corner of the street, was struck suddenly by a rock upon the ankle, hurled with considerable force from a sling. I went to Mrs. Weaver's, and W. D. went in search of the offender, found him in the person of a young negro in the Calhoun grounds and, after giving him a good whipping, came for me and we proceeded to church, my ankle fortunately not being badly hurt, although painful for several hours. These slings in the hands of the boys and negroes are becoming very dangerous. Yesterday, one of our officers had his horse's eye knocked out.

(Dec. 20.) W. D. has been in a constant run all day, trying to make arrangements for us to live this Winter. Has sold his gray horse this morning for $150 in gold to Nick Davis, in order to obtain the right kind of currency. I have scarcely got to speak with him today. It is so long since we have had the pleasure of being together that I can hardly endure for him to get out of my sight.

O, horrors! We had just risen from a late dinner and he had started over to see Mrs. Bradford on some business when he came running back and, putting his head in at the door, said, "Jane, the Yankees are coming!" Telling me to take care of his saddle, he hurried away on foot. Such consternation, terror and confirmed fear and confusion! It was supposed that they were already coming into town.

Our attention was now turned to getting Eddie off and hiding the things they left behind. In a few minutes, a servant came for W. D.'s saddle and blanket, but not a rag of clothes did either take with them.

It is pouring down rain, a cold rain. Wonder if they are to be out all night in it. Sat up until a late hour. No Yankees as yet. They might have gone comfortably fixed. If the enemy come in, it will probably be a raid, and they will be gone again in a few hours. We have been sitting up late every night, reading "A Tale of the Revolution," by Simms. Tried to go on with the story tonight, but cannot enjoy it, since he is not here to enjoy it with me.

(Dec. 21.) Passed a restless and uneasy night caused by anxiety for my dear husband and Eddie. Just at daylight, the Yankees burst in upon the waking inhabitants. O, their appearance was more like imps from the bad world than like human beings. They broke open stores, rifled private houses and cut up generally.

At Mr. Jolley's, who has always been a good Union man, they took everything that they could lay their hands upon. Children's clothes, jewelry, hoop skirts, going into the rooms where the young ladies were not yet out of bed. Billy went

up town, and they took his hat off his head and ordered Mr. Donnegan to take off his boots, which he positively refused to do, and they had to pass on.

When the Confederates were here, scarcely a pair of boots were to be found in the town for the benefit of our officers and soldiers, but it is a mortifying fact that, when the Federals broke open the stores, plenty of them were found, and two actually came here on their horses with several pairs, which they tried to sell at $5 per pair.

About 11 o'clock, three came here upon pretense of searching the house for arms. They would not take my word for it that there were not any here. I then asked to see their order for such a proceeding. They had none to show, and explained that they had no commissioned officers with them. This, however, had no effect upon them as they were determined to go through the house.

I was entirely alone and could not leave them even to go to the kitchen and send for a guard. I persisted in declining the search until one of them pushed by me, saying, "We must obey orders." I told them that I was no Union woman, but professed to be a lady, and trusted that I had gentlemen to deal with. The sergeant then assured me that nothing should be touched unless they found arms.

They then went into my room and made right for the wardrobe. I told them to stand back and examine as I removed the things. Some bottles of wine immediately attracted their attention. After draining the only one that had anything in it, some cans of oysters and peaches next elicited their attention. I begged them not to take them and, by giving them a can of peaches, drove them away from the wardrobe.

They next searched where I had put my silver and W. D.'s clothes, but, my keeping them back, adroitly managed to keep them from discovering either. Then they wished to examine my large trunk, saying that it "looked like it would hold the government." I opened it, but the sergeant prevented them from touching anything.

While they were searching in Sue and Jennie's room, one of the scamps went back to my wardrobe and, helping himself to all my oysters and cans of fruit, made off with them, and the other two followed under pretense of reporting this man, but, doubtless, to assist him in enjoying the spoils, thus relinquishing the search for firearms, which was only an excuse for ransacking the house and stealing whatever they could lay their hands on.

These are truly terrible times. Alas! Alas! There is the railroad whistle. They have actually come back with all their infantry and cannon to occupy. Our hearts sink within us. W. D. and Eddie both gone without a change of clothing, and we cannot even conjecture how long the enemy may remain.

(Dec. 22.) Hoped and trusted that I should not be further molested by the enemy. Delusive hope. Today, an officer with a guard of six men came to search the premises for W. D. Assured them that he was not here, but Col. Fish of the 13th Wisconsin said that he did not expect a man's wife to tell the truth where he was concerned.

He looked everywhere—under the piano, behind doors, in the wardrobe and even behind the pillows on my bed. I began to suspect him of being a shark, instead of a swordfish.

He placed a guard in the hall and around the house. Then desired me to open the smokehouse and lock-room and servants' room. I treated him with great kindness and politeness, and he began to be ashamed, and commenced an apology for the intrusion, saying that he was told that Col. Chadick certainly was here, and that he was obliged to do his duty. He also apologized for going into the young ladies' room so unceremoniously. I began to think him a whale.

I asked him what news they had from Hood's army. He replied that, three or four days since, they had received a dispatch from Gen. Thomas from Franklin, stating that Gen. Hood had been badly whipped and was retreating, and sent orders for them to return to this place.

Went this evening to see Col. Davis to try to learn something of the whereabouts of W. D., learning that he went immediately to the river. So he is in all probability across safely. Heard also that Miss Aggie Scott had a pass to go across the river tomorrow. Went to see her and asked her to take W. D.'s clothes to him. She kindly consetned, and went to get permission from Col. Lyon. He said that consistent with his duty, he could not give me permission, but if I chose to put some things in Miss Scott's trunk, they would not be molested, and advised me to act upon that suggestion, which I have accordingly done.

(Friday, Dec. 23, 1864.) Went before breakfast to Mrs. Rice's to see Miss Scott before starting to entrust her with a note to W. D.

Learned this morning that there had been quite a fight near Ellick Jones' and that the enemy had brought in 49 prisoners and several wounded men. We immediately went to the guard house and learned that Eddie was probably safe, as he had not been with the company since they left here. The wounded men were badly cut up with saber cuts, as it was a hand-to-hand fight, and the enemy says that the young Rebels fought bravely.

The Feds have been behaving very badly today on the square. They found some whiskey and, after getting drunk, knocked down Gen. Lowe, stabbed one negro, sabered another and knocked a third off his horse.

We learn tonight that the report that Decatur was taken by the Feds is untrue. They are looking for Forrest here again tonight.

We have had most discouraging news here today of the total demoralization of Hood's army, but do not believe half of it. The croakers would have us believe that we are whipped beyond redemption.

We accidentally got into a nest of them this evening. One gentleman said, after relating the doleful news, that, if he was asked to point out the worst enemy of the Southern Confeds, he

would say Jeff Davis, and the best friend, he would say Abraham Lincoln.

(Dec. 24.) Threatened with one of my dreadful headaches, yet fitted and made the waist for a dress for Jennie. Dr. Ross was arrested and taken before Gen. Steadman at the depot by a negro guard to answer for a sermon preached after the Feds had evacuated here. In said sermon, he gave those men a severe lashing who tried to avoid the conscript, and said that, if every man had done his part, the Yankees might have been whipped out of here in six months.

He was asked whether he would go North or South. He chose the latter, and was given two hours for himself and family to get ready in. Mr. Bob Smith went down to the train to carry Dr. Ross some money, and was carried off without time to apprise his family, or to get a change of clothes.

(Dec. 26.) A sad, sad Christmas. Spent the day in bed, very ill. How different from our anticipations a week since. W. D. was here and expected to eat with us our Christmas dinner. Now, we know not where he is, since he left us so unceremoniously. And poor little Eddie—his soldiering met with rather an unfortunate beginning.

Gen. Steadman, with his division, passed through here Sunday on their way to Decatur, where it is said they are fighting. Gen. Mumphreys returned today. A captain of negro troops came here tonight to get a room for a sick lieutenant. Upon my saying that I had no vacant room, he remarked that there were more people in this town than any place he ever saw.

(Dec. 27.) It appears that Gen. Steadman was greatly exasperated on Saturday on being informed by his emissaries that the people of Huntsville had been kind to their own soldiers. After sending off Dr. Ross, he ordered the torch to be applied to the town, and it was only through the earnest remonstrances of Col. Lyons that it was prevented. With such men in power, what may or may not be expected in their hands?

It was said a short time since by a resigned Federal officer that, six months hence, there would not be a gentleman in the Yankee army, that all such were becoming disgusted at the manner in which the war was conducted and were getting out of it as fast as they could. Every precaution has been taken to prevent us knowing anything.

An officer is going around to the houses today for bedding to furnish the hospitals. This is a requisition, which has never before been made of the citizens.

(Dec. 28.) Dick Davis called this morning and says that W. D. and several others, in their flight, went towards Athens. I cannot hear anything in regard to them. Miss Aggie Scott returned yesterday, as there had been no order that no one should be permitted to pass through the pickets. She has permission, however, from Col. Lyons to start again on Monday and go by way of Whitesburg, in company with Miss Annie McClung, as Col. Lyons says the soldiers will all be removed from that point by that time.

I omitted to say that Nick Davis was charged before the Fed authorities with the crime of having given a negro $50 in gold to help W. D. in getting away in the panic.

Lt. Fish called on me this evening for my portion of bedding for the hospital; begged to be excused on the plea of having none to spare. He consented to pass me by, unless he could do no better, in which case, he should return. Little Mary chanced to be at the piano, and greatly astonished and amused him with her musical performance.

(Dec. 31.) Paint Rock bridge was burned. Two guns captured and 70 prisoners taken by the Rebels. Under whose command, not known. Mr. Bannister (Episcopal rector) received notice today that, if he could not pray for Lincoln, he could not officiate in his church on the morrow and that he would be sent South.

(Jan. 1, 1865.) What a contrast between this and a New Year's morning five years ago, before the advent of this miserable war! Then the house echoed with many voices crying to each other, "I wish you a Happy New Year!" But, this morning, each child seems to know and feel by common consent that there is no happy new year in store for us, and all such expressions are hushed.

When each day brings with it such terrible and startling events, what may be the record of the coming year? I dread to think of it. It is a sad day to me from many causes. Separated from my husband under the most trying circumstances, for I know not how long a period, with the cares of a large family upon my hands with prospects the most gloomy. I am just recovering from another one of my nervous attacks, which are becoming more frequent of late.

(Jan. 2.) Spent the morning in making a necktie for W. D. and writing him another note to be sent by Miss Aggie Scott, who has not yet gotten off. Took it up to Mrs. Rice's and went from there to Miss McClung's, who is keeping house for Dr. and Mrs. Ross. Found Mrs. Mayhew and Miss Erskine there packing a truckful of things for them, which Gen. Steadman had permitted them to send for. They are quartered in the hotel at Decatur, the only building left standing in the town.

(Jan. 5.) Billy went down to Mr. Watkins' today and brought home Sue and Clara and Ada Watkins. Learned through them that their Pa spent the night there after running from here, and left the next morning for Athens. He also sent me some money. Heard also that Ed was safe, although there are rumors that he is a prisoner in Nashville.

The Fourth Corps (Gen. Wood) have gone into Winter quarters here and are tearing down the fences around private lots. Tearing boards off stables and everywhere else they can find them to build huts with. Destruction is the order of the day. As yet, they have not troubled me.

(Jan. 7.) I have given up my stable to a waggoner with six mules, who says he will take good care of it. This turns my poor cow out in all the bad weather.

An officer with two orderlies called this morning and sent word to the "lady of the house" that an "officer" desired to see her. Great honor! Presented myself uttering at the same time a bland good morning. He met me with a lofty, dignified manner and a stern countenance, which never relaxed a muscle, although the "lady of the house" was very smiling and pleasant.

Said that he wished me to furnish him a room. I replied that my house had but a ground floor and no upstairs, and that the rooms were all occupied save the parlor, and that was indispensible to me. He said that it had several wings and seemed to spread over considerable ground, and he thought some one of the wings would suit him exactly. I explained to him in the same pleasant manner the separate situation and use of each room, which left him no more to say unless he took forceable possession (which doubtless my politeness prevented him from doing). He then questioned me in regard to my neighborhood, and I could give him no satisfactory information, so he went to inquire for himself.

Thus far, I have escaped having my portion of the house taken. Mrs. Watkins has Gen. Steadman and staff, Mrs. McDowell has Gen. Wood, and every house on that street, except one or two, is occupied.

(Jan. 8.) Had just got the children washed and dressed for Sunday school when two soldiers came to request a room to write in for an hour or two. Having no fires but one and nobody to make any, I told them that the rooms were all occupied, which was strictly in regard to all except the parlor. They did not like this reception and went away saying that "there was not a house in town that could not afford them a room for so short a time."

Mrs. Pruitt and Xenia just called—they are going over the river and the latter is going to take W. D. his coat.

Dr. Ross and family have been permitted to return. He is paroled until May next, but not allowed to preach. Billy has just come in and says that he was told by a citizen (Picard) who acts as a scout for the Feds that Eddie was captured with 228 others day before yesterday in a fight at Mt. Hope, 50 miles the other side of Tennessee river. This is sad indeed if true, and it must be so since Picard knows him. He is in a block house in Decatur.

(Wednesday, Jan. 11.) Before breakfast, a colored man came and told us that Eddie was at the depot. Billy went at once to see him, also Dave and George. Jennie went also and carried him several things. Several ladies were down there today and carried the prisoners many things necessary to their comfort.

Yesterday, Miss Bradley, Miss Figures and Mr. Bannister started to go across the river to go South (the latter was ordered out of the lines), but an officer sent them word that they had better return and not think of starting for a week at least, as quite a large cavalry force had crossed the river on a raiding expedition. They accordingly returned. Mrs. Pruitt also returned and sent me W. D.'s coat.

Ed informs us that his pa has gone to Montgomery. This is the first information we have had of his whereabouts. Miss Lucy and Berrie Fearn came to see me today. Also Mrs. Watkins and Mrs. Cowles spent the evening. After supper, Mr. Hereford also called.

(Jan. 16.) Went this evening to see Dr. and Mrs. Ross for the first time since their return from Decatur. He is to receive his sentence day after tomorrow. A list of questions were sent to him, to which he replied this morning. Do not know the nature of them. Col. Sawyer (Sherman's adjutant general) is in town and dined today at the college. Mrs. Ross says that this pulpit, the Episcopal and Cumberland, are to be filled by Northern preachers, and all such persons who refuse to go and hear them are to be sent South.

(Jan. 19.) Two wagon trains have been captured within the last two days. One near Meridianville by Col. Meade, consisting of 9 wagons and 18 men! The authorities are so exasperated that they gave an order yesterday that every house in the country for 15 miles around Huntsville should be laid in ashes.

The country people are suffering dreadfully from the depredations of the enemy, and in many instances, not only all their stock, provisions and means of subsistence have been taken from them, but their clothing and bedding have been taken and the alleged excuse for all this is that they harbor bushwhackers! While those in command know very well that Meade and Johnson's men are regular cavalry, yet they persist in calling them bushwhackers and, if any of them are so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, they are treated as such! All the guards for the protection of the families in the country have been withdrawn and, when a lady called upon Gen. Wood, earnestly requesting one, his reply was that he came here with orders to devastate this country.

One hundred of our cavalry was captured a few days since on the other side of the river—(Col. Lyon's men)—and brought to town. One, named Bowers, made his escape between here and Whitesburg. When they arrived here, his mother was informed of his capture, went to see him and, lo and behold, he was not there. Being badly clothed, he had borrowed a blue overcoat from a nice, kind-hearted Yankee and, donning it, soon after walked off!

We have news that the celebrated Gatt house at Louisville has been burned. Mrs. Lane, who was sojourning there, lost all she had. Money, clothing, baggage, et cetera. Capt. Allen, who made himself notorious in appropriating Southern furniture when he was quartermaster here last Spring, was also a great sufferer. His nose was burned off and his fingers to the second joint. He is in the hospital at the place in a precarious condition. Surely there is retribution, even in this life, for evil deeds.

Mrs. Pruitt, Miss Sue Bradley and Miss Hattie Figures got off this morning for Dixie after surmounting all kinds of difficulties. They had an escort to the river.

(Jan. 20.) Sue came home this morning with Mrs. Watkins. I went with the latter to see Capt. Traelenbaugh, Gen. Wood's provost marshal, staying at Mrs. Fackler's. She went to ask that her guard be retained. It appears that all the guards were called in from the country beacuse some eight or 10 of them had been captured by Rebel cavalry in the cove. The captain said that Gen. Wood was decided upon this measure and had refused admittance to all applicants to retain them.

The captain is a pleasant, agreeable man, treats everybody with courtesy and kindness, censures the mode of warfare now carried on by officers and soldiers, and, when Mrs. Watkins related her trouble and the manner in which she had been plundered and foraged upon, he would frequently exclaim, "My God!" and gave her orders to get back her cooking stove and other things which had been taken from her, writing a letter to the colonel of the regiment to which the soldiers belonged to that effect.

He said that he was going home on Monday next to remain, that their army had come here like a set of vandals and he blushed to wear their uniform, that since they had turned into robbing and thieving, he was done with it. Many others have resigned, and we fear that the prediction "that six months hence there will not be a gentleman in the Yankee army" will come true.

The chaplain of the 13th Wisconsin came to my back door two mornings for milk, very meek and sanctimonious looking! Let him have it and try to mix it with a little of the "milk of human kindness," as he said it was for the sick. This morning, his wife came also at the back door, a neat, nice-looking woman, dressed in furs. I treated her with great politeness, let her have the milk and showed her out at the front door.

(Jan. 24.) Have just risen from another nervous headache. Lay in bed all day yesterday suffering and think of W. D. The old Bishop (Andrews) looked down upon me from his frame on the wall with an eye of tenderness and sympathy. The picture had a strange power over my eyes, for although my temples throbbed and my eyeballs ached with intense suffering, my gaze was constantly riveted upon it. I in turn must have presented

a fascinating appearing woman with my pale face, half closed eyes, and head tied up with brown paper and vinegar!

Dozing once, I thought W. D. approached and said in a kind tone, "How do you feel now?" And laying his hand gently upon my head, added, "Is there anything I can do for you?" I awoke to find that it was only a little novelette I had conjured up and was crying over! O, these sad, weary days of headache!

(Jan. 27.) Received a letter today from Julia by Mr. Herrick, written in September last. Also one from Mrs. Powers from New London, Conn. Heard also from Eddie through Lieut. Bailey who wrote to Jennie. He has gone to Camp Chase, was sick at Louisville.

(Feb. 2.) Night before last, four soldiers (regular burglars) came to the servant's room and, pushing the key out, unlocked the door and went in to pull off their shoes and light their lantern. They put a pistol to the servant's head and told her they would kill her if she made the slightest noise to alarm the family. They then proceeded to my safe, and unlocking it, took all my milk, three hams and dried beef and bottles of wine, my silver castor and everything eatable they could find.

The servant succeeded in begging back the castor and a large bowl by promising that she would not let the "sesesh Woman" have it. They then took from her a breast pin and a pair of shoes, and returned the latter for a $1.50 in silver. A pretty enemy this to contend with. If we had had the least intimation in the house of what was going on, we could easily have called a guard. Col. Lyon, our best friend, has been sent elsewhere with his command. The Fourth Corps (Gen. Woods) is soon to leave here, and we heartily rejoice at it.

Received a letter from Camp Chase, from Ed. Poor little fellow, he is sick at heart and sick in body, and had to be carried in an ambulance all the way after leaving the railway. He begs me to try and get him paroled. He says that he never knew before what a good home he had, and promised to be a better boy, if spared to return to it!

Mrs. Toney received a telegram this morning saying that her brother, Mr. Jim Rogers, was dead and her mother was on her way thither from Camp Chase with the body.

(Sunday, Feb. 5.) Major Fleming died last night. Yesterday was like a bright Spring day, but there has been a sudden change, and today is intensely cold. Drs. Ross and Bannister are again permitted to preach, through the clemency, I believe, of Gen. Stanley.

(Feb. 6.) The remains of Mr. Rogers arrived from Camp Chase last night, and the funeral obsequies took place today. The body was embalmed in Cincinnati, and he looked perfectly natural. More like one sleeping than dead. He was taken prisoners about four months since and died of pneumonia.

Went to see Mrs. Rogers this evening. She says that our prisoners, both at Camp Chase and Rock Island, suffer both from the cold and from hunger, and the restrictions are very severe. No vegetable diet is allowed, and only 14 ounces of bread and eight ounces of meat are issued daily to each prisoner. No visitors or relatives permitted to see them except in extreme cases of illness. The diet has caused scurvey to prevail to an alarming extent, and the cold to which our poor Southern boys are so unaccustomed produces thousands of cases of pneumonia.

Mrs. Rogers says that they average 20 deaths per day at Camp Chase. This policy is pursued by the Federal government (they say) in retaliation for "Rebel barbarities" to their prisoners of war. Has been in operation about five months. Poor Harris Toney, an even, delicate and refined young man, told his grandmother that "he had eaten many a rat since he had been there and a dog never escaped from the prison alive!

Mrs. Rogers went to Washington City and made a personal appeal to President Lincoln to try and get her son and grandson paroled, but without success. The President told her "that no more Southern boys should be paroled, that they had given trouble enough and never would be conquered!"

Poor Eddie, my heart aches for him, so young, so inexperienced, who never knew a sorrow or a hardship in his life. I shall certainly make an appeal to the secretary of war in his behalf. Time was when Mr. Stanton would have granted me anything in his power, but times are sadly changed, and I have but little hope of success.

(Feb. 12, 1865.) The children have all gone to Sunday school and I have taken up my pen to add a few lines to my journal. The churches are again open, Dr. Ross' through the intercession of Mrs. Stanley, who is a Presbyterian.

The Fourth Army Corps have again returned to Huntsville. Why they have returned or where they have been is not known. There was a rumor on the street yesterday that Gen. Sherman had been killed. No particulars—it is probably "grape-vine."

Mrs. Mayhew's school (Spring term) commenced this week. Have concluded to teach George and Clara at home, the tuition is so expensive. Twenty-seven dollars per session each. Quite a little charge with Davie and Mary. Sue has returned from Mr. Watkins' to remain at home and will take this labor off my hands in a few days.

We citizens are beginning to find it difficult to procure provisions for our table. Everything in the country has been taken, and the country people have not enough for themselves. True, the Yankees have plenty of everything in their sutler shops and commissary departments, but they are not accessible to us unless we have offiecrs to board who can then draw them for us at army prices. Many families are filling up their tables in this way, the price of board being $10 per week.

Col. Drake, who was provost marshal here under Gen. Mitchell, who was very hard upon the citizens and would grant them no favors, and who is now out of the army, has returned here and set up a large provision and commissary establishment for the alleged benefit of the citizens, selling at very high prices. He is now as bland and smiling as a May morning, extending the hand of courtesy and bowing gracefully and soliciting the patronage of the citizens. Pity our necessities force us to patronize such men.

We have just heard of another Yankee mode of making money off the South. A card appears in the Nashville paper, stating that there are a great number of fine plantation in North Alabama to lease, well stocked and with plenty of farming utensils and laborers to work them, and that any person in the North desiring to lease said plantation can get all the information they desire by enclosing $10 to the undersigned!

This is not true, as nearly all the plantations are stripped of everything, even the wood.

Our beautiful town is full of Yankee women. They are sweeping through the streets every evening on horseback. All the residences in town where the owners have gone out of town are called government houses and occupied by officers, and where they have been rented, the families have been ordered out, as at Mrs. Weeden's, Mr. Mosley's, Mr. Sledge's and Mrs. Spragins'.

(Feb. 13.) This morning, Capt. Fordyce, a retired officer of the Federal Army, called to ask for Eddie's address, saying that the officer in command at Camp Chase was a friend of his and under obligation to him. That he was going to write to him to try to have Eddie among the prisoners who are about to be exchanged, and in case this cannot be effected, to have him put upon double rations. This is exceedingly kind and generous in Capt. Fordyce, and properly appreciated by us. He is singularly handsome and gentlemanly, has bearing, and is highly popular with both friend and foe. He is ever ready to do citizens and all a favor.

Wrote a letter this evening to W. D., having an opportunity to send it by the Misses Fearn. It was exceeding stiff and constrained, all my genius being cramped on account of its having to be subjected to the inspection of the provost marshal. Lieut. White read it carefuly and approved it, asking me if he should seal it. Singular condescension as they always do this without giving you any option in the matter.

Visited some of the trade stores with Mrs. Hereford, but felt ashamed to be seen on the square. It looks like Broadway, so thronged that one can scarcely make their way.

Visited Mrs. Brickley in her new house and went to tell Miss Fearn "good-bye." Met Mrs. Mayhew on my way home, and she insisted that I send Georgie to school, that his tuition would cost me nothing. News of another battle in Virginia, but no particulars.

(Feb. 16.) Capt. Fordyce and Mr. T. Barnum called last night to see the young ladies. While they were here, someone stole the armchairs from the front porch. Probably soldiers, for such a thieving set were never thrown loose upon any community as the Fourth Army Corps.

This morning, Sue made me a present of a French merino dress. Am alone tonight. The children being tired went early to bed, and Sue and Jennie are to stay all night at Mrs. Hereford's.

(Feb. 18.) Received a handsome marble clock from Mrs. Cowles to take care of, as she is going to Mrs. McClung's plantation to live during the present year. It is very acceptable, as our own clock stopped when the war began!

Heard some news: the wife of the rebel Col. Johnson, whose cavalry has annoyed the Feds in the vicinity of Huntsville excessively was brought to town a prisoner a short time since and retained four days from her little infant, six months old. Johnson had been capturing several Federal prisoners, which so exasperated the authorities here that they sent over a company of soldiers to burn the houses of innocent people and lay waste the country, which they accordingly did. The women stood with their children around them, looking on and defying them, saying that they worked for what little they had and to burn it away! They could work for more and they would turn out and bushwhack them themselves!

They laid Johnson's house in ashes, and Col. McDonald brought his wife to town, saying if anything would bring him to his senses, he thought that would!

Walked to the graveyard this morning with Mrs. Mayhew and was surprised to find the fence around it entirely gone,

the cattle and horses straying through the beautiful grounds. Such vandalism! The house of Judge Betts, who lives in the country, a beautiful brick edifice, which cost $18,000, was torn down by the soldiers and the brick brought to town to build chimneys for the soldiers' huts.

(Feb. 20.) Billy started for Dixie this morning, having a pass to go out of the lines and return. Thus another opportunity is afforded to communicate with W. D.

There was quite a panic this evening among the enemy. Scouts came in and reported a very heavy force on the other side of the river, supposed to be under Gen. Kick Taylor, and that their camp fires extended 12 miles! It turned out to be the mountains on fire!

(Feb. 21.) This morning, the wife of the chaplain, who occupies the pulpit of W. D.'s church and who comes here sometimes for milk, came around and asked me in a modest way to lend her a child's dress with an infant body, to have a likeness painted of her child who was dead, to be copied from an ambrotype by Mr. Frye. She said she knew of no one to call on except me. I felt a pleasure in obliging her, knowing how lonely and isolated she must feel, here in an enemy's country without a single female friend. She seems a worthy and unpretending creature.

Her husband, however, does not so much excite my admiration. He told Mrs. Robinson that he was preaching in a church, the pastor of which was absent instead of being at home attending to his duty. He evidently thinks us quite heathenish, and in his great zeal for the cause in which he is engaged, he thrust, one day, a child paper under the front door, for the benefit of the juvenile heathens of the family. Said paper was highly perfumed with the extract of abolitionism!

(Feb. 22.) We were startled this morning by the booming of cannon in the public square. We counted 57 guns and, at first,

we surmised that the enemy might have heard of the fall of Charleston or Richmond, and were celebrating as they have frequently done before. Upon inquiry, found that it was to celebrate the birthday of the illustrious father of his country. Frank Peebles caled to see us today and, after tea, Capt. Fordyce called to see Sue.

(Feb. 23.) Mr. Hereford came to bring me a letter from Tennessee. It was from Julia, containing tidings from every absent member of my father's family. All well and happy. A young man named Fry came here from the hospital for milk. He sat down and conversed a few minutes with Sue and, this evening, he sent me a bottle of Catawba wine to be given to her, hoping that she would not be insulted.

(Feb. 25.) Dr. Ross received orders again this week to leave the lines and go South at the end of five days, or abide the consequences. It appears that Gen. Stanley countermanded the previous order which gave great offense to Gen. Grainger, as he commands this district, and he resolved in his wrath that his authority should not be disputed. So that the question has resolved itself into a matter of "pique" between the two generals.

Called to see Dr. and Mrs. Ross this evening and found them very cheerful and rather uneasy over the circumstances. He said that he designed preaching on the morrow, as he could not be expected to travel on the Sabbath, and, if they interrupted him, he should politely ask them to be seated until he was through with his sermon!

He has promised me a copy of the "questions" which were submitted to him a short time since, with his answers. He also gave me a printed copy of a bulletin which appeared upon the Square in Oct. last. The following is an exact copy:

Divine service will be dispensed with this evening at the Presbyterian church, while Dr. Ross explains to the congregation the difference between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

TEXT

I am, Sir Oracle, and when I open my mouth, let no dog bark.

First Head

A Southern Lady Must Not Look Upon A Yankee Officer.

Second Head

A Southern Parson May Call Upon A Yank Woman.

Conclusion

"Here's your mule!"

Notice

Weekly meetings of the faithful will be held at the house of Dr. Ross every Wednesday for consultation, where the names of delinquents will be reported. Tea being considered too strong a beverage, a harmless decoction, made from the leaves of "Dr. Ross on Slavery," will be served out. Ladies under 45 will not be allowed to vote.

Heard last night of the death of Dr. Leftwick, our family physician. A public as well as private loss, a good citizen and physician.

A private soldier came to my front door this morning, bringing me a bag of corn, and said I could give him a little milk for his coffee and he would give me what corn I needed. In the evening, he returned with a bag of meal. Greater generosity than I have heretofore met with the privates.

(Sunday, Feb. 26.) The action in regard to Dr. Ross' banishment is again suspended and he preaches today.

(Feb. 27.) Clara resumes her music lessons tomorrow with Miss Ella. She is progressing rapidly. She commenced teaching the children this morning in her room.

(March 1.) Was surprised this evening by a visit from three soldiers who requested to hear some music, and one of them said that one of their number was a musician. Invited them in. They were gentlemanly in their bearing and conversation, and one of them performed upon the piano remarkably well. They were from Ohio, and the musician said that his mother had some knowledge of music and, having no daughters, had made a daughter of him and taught him to play. They seemed to enjoy their visit and stayed about two hours. They asked to hear the young ladies play, and I made some apology upon the score of their not being at home.

The chaplain's wife, Mrs. Foote, called again. She regards me as a friend and looks to me for sympathy in this land of strangers. She poured her sorrow into my ear, and recited to me the particulars of the death of her only child, a little girl of 18 months, weeping bitterly all the time. She interests me very much. On leaving, she promised to procure for me some alum from the hospital for my sore mouth.

(March 2.) Mrs. Octavia Clay dined with me today, and I enjoyed her visit very much. It has been a miserably rainy day. Tonight, Mr. Shufelt, the commissary at the hospital, called sociably. Truly, I must be getting popular with the Yankees. Just as he rose to go, the door bell rang, and the chaplain called and left the promised alum and some pamphlets and papers for us to read. Mr. S.—— proposed selling me a barrel of flour for $18. It is selling at the trade stores for $23. At the commissaries, the officers draw it for $11. Received a letter from Eddie and Mrs. Powers.

(March 5.) A beautiful bright Spring morning. The military bands of music are playing from different quarters of the town, and wagons and mules from different camps are moving towards the public square for inspection.

We have news that Thomas has gone towards Knoxville with a heavy force, and it is supposed that Gen. Lee is moving

in that direction. The Federal officers here are of the opinion that the latter general's movements may again compel the evacuation of Huntsville. Heaven send!

Monday afternoon, my three soldiers called again for some music. They were informed again, to their evident surprise, that the young ladies were not at home. One said that they met a young lady at the gate, and I informed them that it was Miss Jennie Watkins.

They spent about an hour playing upon the piano and in conversation and, rising to take leave, begged pardon for the intrusion. They said that they found the Huntsville ladies different from the other places where their army had been quartered, although they had no visiting acquaintances among them. They treated the soldiers with kindness, whereas in other places, Mississippi, Nashville, they had been very abusive. They gave me their names, Lawrence, Mathews and Austin, and, thanking me for my courtesy, took leave.

On that same night, how shall I disclose my emotions upon waking at midnight and finding a Federal band actually in the front yard with their sheets of music and lights in the very act of serenading! It must have been the work of the aforementioned gentlemen, as we knew not any of the army in Huntsville! Such impudence. The whole transaction is impudent from beginning to end!

A terrible accident happened to Georgie this morning. One of his playmates, George Steele, hit him in his left eye with a rock, and we fear that it is seriously injured. Drs. Spottswood and Sheffey both examined it, and the latter has great fear from inflammation. He is very sick, vomiting constantly all day, and the eye is terribly swollen and black. This business of throwing rocks has become a terrible mania of the boys in Huntsville. It is time the police or military took it in hand.

(March 9.) Georgie's eye is badly inflamed and alarming in appearance, using slippery elm poultices and cold water alternately. Received a letter today from Dave by Mr. Carter. All communication by mail is cut off, owing to the washing away of

the railroad bridge during the late heavy rains. We have some "grapevine" to the effect that Lee has whipped Grant again in Richmond and Bragg has gained a victory at or near Wilmington!

The Feds have put forth a little sheet entitled the "Huntsville Union," in which it is announced that services will henceforth be held forth by "Father Tracey" in the Cumberland Catholic church! They have also appropriated the basement of Dr. Ross' church to the Rev. Foote.

(March 10.) Mr. Winston, who went to Camp Chase two weeks since to see his son, has returned and called today to bring us some messages from Ed, whom he saw, and said he was looking well and on the list of those to be exchanged through the influence of Capt. Fordyce, who accompanied Mr. Winston from this place and aided him in getting to see his son, as the rules are very strict.

Capt. Fordyce is a retired Federal officer staying in Huntsville, and has been very kind to many of the citizens. He gave Ed an entire outfit consisting of a suit of grey, a pair of boots, two shirts, two drawers, two silk handkerchiefs and four pairs of socks and $50 in money!

The officer in command asked him why he was so much interested in the boy. He replied he knew and liked him, and he belonged to a nice family and he wished to do something for them. This is a specimen of noble generosity in an enemy, if such he could be called. Eddie has been fortunate in finding friends. Another Federal, Mr. Strickland, who has been out of the army for over a year, sent him $20 enclosed in a letter and placed $100 in the hands of Col. Richardson, who commands at Camp Chase, with instruction to let him have it as he needed it.

Mr. Strickland visited Sherman's army last Summer and was captured by the Rebels. They treated him very badly until he met up with Mr. Charley Bright, a cousin of Ed's, who immediately took him under his protection and treated him with great kindness, until Mr. Strickland made his escape at Savanah.

After Ed was captured and on his way North, Mr. Strickland and Capt. Fordyce visited the depot in Nashville, where the prisoners were, offering him money or any assistance he might need. Mr. Strickland went to Gov. Johnson and Gen. Rousseau for their influence in trying to get him paroled, but failed.

There is a general exchange of prisoners going on. Those in dungeons and solitary confinement were the first exchanged. Frank Gurley, who was captured, tried and condemned to a felon's cell for the alleged murder of Gen. McCook, who was killed two years since by Confederate cavalry under Gurley's command, is among the number. Col. Anderson, who caused so many murders among innocent citizens last Summer and has been on trial in Nashville for the same, committed suicide lately. Supposed to be deranged.

(March 12.) Mrs. Otey and Mrs. Dr. Burke dined with me today. In great trouble about Georgie, all his symptoms being bad. Very high fever, constant vomiting. Imagined his brains affected and sent in haste for Dr. Sheffey. He thinks that the fever might have been produced by a chill, which affords a hope that his case is not so bad as apprehended.

(March 13.) Georgie better this morning. His fever greatly abated and his eye evidently better. Brother Mitchell and daughters from Athens called this evening to see us.

(March 16.) Arose this morning from another attack of nervous headache. Sent a letter to Nashville today by Sydney Dotmin. The Fourth Army Corps under Gen. Stanley are leaving for Knoxville, and all is commotion. Georgie's eye much better, and it is a source of joy to see that his sight is not injured.

(March 17, 1865.) Last night was an exciting one to Sue and myself. I retired early and, feeling very restless and

nervous on account of my recent headache, I could not sleep. The night was dark, stormy, and the wind blew terribly, slamming the shutters, with occasional thunder and lightning.

Before retiring, I secured the blinds in my room in a way in which they could not blow. But, about midnight, they were suddenly torn open and the window raised. Owing to my nervourness, I was wide awake and sprang up in the bed calling out in a loud voice, "George, call the guard! Where is my pistol?" George was in bed with me, owing to his illness, and immediately replied, "Here it is!"

There was no guard for us to call, neither had I a pistol, yet the ruse succeeded, and whoever it was went away. I immediately struck a light and passed by the open window in my night dress to Sue's room. She was up and terribly alarmed as we two were alone in the house with the smaller children. She went with me to the window, and I closed the blinds. In opening the window, they pushed out the sash, which I nailed down. Sue then loaded her pistol and, having recovered from her first panic, assured me that, if they returned, she would certainly fire! We dressed and sat up the rest of the night, but the burglars did not return. Mr. Tom Barnum is coming to protect us tonight.

There is a great stir among the enemy tonight, and they appear to be leaving in great haste. There is a rumor that Gen. Forrest is at Courtland with 15,000 men. Wonder if it be true. The wagoners, camped back of our lot, have hitched up and left since dark.

(March 18.) The Fourth Army Corps have nearly all gone. One of them offered me a load of corn for $1.50. Took him up, and find that it was worth $17.

New troops are coming in to take the place of the old. Raw recruits. Gen. Thomas is massing his troops at Knoxville. It is all a myth about Forrest at Courtland.

(March 19.) We accidentally got hold of a Louisville Journal today, giving an account of the inauguration of President

Lincoln and Vice-President Johnson. It appears that Andy Johnson was most gloriously drunk and demanded to make his speech before taking the oath of office! The speech was, of course, incoherent, and he began by the announcement that President Lincoln was a plebian and himself was a plebian, and they both glorified in it. He disgraced his country and his cause. His friends hung their heads in shame. Most of the speech has been suppressed.

Mrs. Lincoln presented quite a conspicuous appearance upon the occasion, robed in a black silk velvet dress trimmed with ermine. Judging from the description, the whole scene from beginning to end was quite a farce.

Have been very busy today having my yard cleaned up. One of my neighbors, Mrs. R., came along and said it was all nonsense and would let it go. It may be labor lost in times like these, but we cannot bear to see things neglected while in our possession.

(March 20.) Last night, Mrs. Figures' smokehouse was broken into, and she was robbed of all her meat and lard. These things occur nightly and are without doubt the work of the soldiers, and they have been on half rations for some time.

(March 26.) We have news of a battle between Johnson and Sherman. The Feds claim a victory, but the information is that it was the reverse. Also "grapevine" that Jeff Davis has resigned and that Gen. Lee is military dictator, that Richmond is evacuated. Wish we did know the truth. Everything looks dark for the Confeds, and the Yankees believe that there will be one more big battle, somewhere in North Carolina. Think, of course, it will result in their favor. We do not believe that our cause is hopeless; believe that it is a just cause and put our trust in the God of Battles. If it be a just one, He will surely not forsake us in the hour of trial, but will work out our independence for us in His own good time and way.

(March 28.) Spent the morning in trying to garden. Laid off the rows of peas, radishes and lettuce. Mr. Hereford gave me Irish potatoes enough to plant, and called today and brought me a great variety of seed. A valuable present, as they are very high and hard to get. Irish potatoes are $7 per bushel. I fear the garden will cost me more than it is worth if I have to get a man to take care of it.

(March 29.) Gave a man $1 today to plant my potatoes and plow a small piece of ground, which took him about a half hour. A nice looking white girl came this evening and offered her services as a servant, and the only compensation she asked was her board and clothes.

It is a very long time now since we have had any tidings of this very dear person, W. D., since he left so unceremoniously in December last. A continued anxiety and heartache is the consequence. Neither have I had any tidings of Billy since he left.

(March 31.) Last night, we were all seated around the fire in my room when Sue turned to me and said, "Ma, do you know the state of literature at the North?" "I believe so," I replied, "they are a very intelligent people."

"Well," she replied, "a lady in Huntsville received a letter today from her friend at the North, and how do you think she spelled cat?"

"Kat."

"No."

"Catt?"

"No."

"Well, I give it up!"

"She spelled it C-A-T!"

We all laughed heartily at this and, this morning, I bethought me to pay her back. On awakening, was surprised to find it past 7:00 and everyone asleep. I rushed into Sue's room in my night dress, exclaiming:

"Get up, girls, O, wake up! The town is full of Rebels. The Yanks were caught sleeping upon their side arms and were completely surprised!"

They sprang out of bed,

"O, Ma, is it possible?"

Rushed to the window, and then came George and Dave, "sans culottes," shouting, and just at this moment Margaret came in from the kitchen to see "if the house was on fire." When they discovered the joke, Sue passed it off pleasantly, but Georgie was so exasperated that he returned to bed, and Clara, in her indignation, waxed impertinent and said,

"Ma told a story!"

"The town is full of Rebs and if the Yankees' arms were not at their sides, where were they?" I replied.

Sue received a note this morning from Capt. Fordyce, written from Nashville, in which he said that he had again visited Eddie at Camp Chance and that he was not yet exchanged. We cannot account for the delay. Wrote him a letter this evening and, accompanied by Mary and Dave, took it to the provost marshal, who graciously approved and sealed it without examining the contents.

Went from there to Mr. Barney's store, next to Mrs. Watkins'. She was absent, but found Miss Jennie at home, and she entertained me for an hour with an account of Gen. Stanley's sojourn for nearly three months in her father's house.

The general and family made themselves agreeable to the family. His staff, most of them being young, attractive and elegant gentlemen, visited him daily and were very solicitous for an introduction to Miss Jennie, and the general used his influence to bring it about, but in vain. The young lady was obdurant and persisted in her allegiance to her Southern beaux.

Mrs. Stanley gave two large entertainments in the drawing rooms and went out repeatedly and urged Miss Jennie to come, but without success. When the general left, he said, "Well, Miss Jennie, I commend your course and admire you for it! You have excited the curiosity of my staff and they declare that, when the war is over, they are coming to Huntsville expressively for an introduction to you." They had probably heard that she was an only daughter of an heiress.

(April 1.) Mrs. Watkins came in town today and brought Jennie. Went up town with Mrs. M. shopping. Some of the restrictions of trade have been removed. All citizens within the picket lines are allowed to purchase to the amount of $10 without a permit. Otherwise, they must purchase a permit and take the oath.

In the evening, my friends poured in to see me in rather an unusual manner. All were greatly surprised to find me in health. Said that they heard I was dangerously ill! It proved to be an April hoax. Mrs. Foote came this evening to bring her child's picture—a beautiful, fancy piece, with the face of an angel.

The newspapers are meager of news. We are still kept in the dark. Rumors of three battles in which we have been victorious. A great many sick were removed from the hospital yesterday and sent to Nashville. The price of goods have fallen considerably in the last few days.

A funeral procession is passing, a poor soldier or soldiers from the hospital. There they seem to be dying off rapidly. There has not failed to be a funeral every day for the last month, and the ambulance usually contains two or more coffins. Considerable pomp is kept up in burying their dead. A large, handsome bunch in attendance, their uniforms in dark blue, rather elaborately trimmed with gold lace, dark blue caps trimmed with the same material, and white gloves. They present an imposing appearance and precede the procession, playing a funeral dirge. Next comes a squad of soldiers detailed for the purpose, with

reversed arms. Then the ambulance followed, surrounded on all sides by a body guard of "contraband" men, women and children, grinning and showing their tongues and keeping time to the music.

(Tuesday, April 4.) Went to the square this morning to make some purchases, having put Margaret and Georgie in the garden to plant corn. We are somewhat ignorant as to the mode, but trust to a kind providence to make it grow. Heard that Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated and in possession of the Feds! Can it be that so much precious blood has been spilt to hold our capitol, and that Gen. Lee has been obliged at last to abandon it?

The Yankees are perfectly jubilant over it, and several ladies had to go to bed in consequence. For ourselves, we are not whipped yet, nor do we believe the Southern Confederacy is either.

Hark! A cannon is booming from the Fort—one, two, three, four. One hundred guns have been fired in honor of the momentous occasion. They ought to have fired 1,000 after the nearly four years they spent to obtain it. No thanks to their great Gen. Grant after all—it was the bold, hazardous and successful march of Gen. Sherman in the rear that compelled the evacuation at last! The Yanks do not seem to be apprised of Gen. Lee's whereabouts, and things may after all not be so desperate as they would have us believe.

(April 5.) Last night, sky rockets were sent up by the enemy, and there was universal rejoicing. Several entertainments were given and, doubtless, every officer got drunk from the excess of joy. The people of Washington are said to have embraced each other wherever they met. A Federal paper voices the war as now over. Not so fast, my lads, you may be mistaken! I say this to you in confidence, dear journal, but wait and see. They are already talking of fixing up another amnesty proposition, which they think will have the desired effect.

(April 7.) Was surprised by a visit from Rev. Leroy Wood, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister from the North. He came to inquire after the welfare of my husband and the family. Said that he loved him, though he thought him on the wrong side of the war. Said that he supposed that, as I was of Northern birth, my feelings on this subject were somewhat divided. Not in the least, I told him; I am the strongest Southern woman you ever saw!

He sympathized with the Confederacy in their suffering, but said that he thought the leaders who brought on this war should be punished. I expressed it as my humble opinion that the Northern Abolitionists had brought on this war. Quite an animated discussion followed, but we parted friends. He is here on an errand of mercy to the Federal sick; he belongs to the Christian Commission.

(April 10.) Mrs. Figures sent for Sue and, when she returned, she was so overcome with emotion that she could scarcely tell me the news, which was that the Feds had just got a dispatch stating that Gen. Lee, with his whole army, had capitulated and surrendered! It was officially and generally believed! O, my God, can this be true?

(April 11.) The deepest gloom prevails in consequence of the news of yesterday. The Yankees have made no demonstration of joy, which leads us to doubt the truth of the news. Rev. Woods called again and said that, with all due deference to my feelings, he believed it to be authentic and that, furthermore, they had news to the effect that, in Wilson's raid, Gen. Forrest had been captured. Also heard that there was fighting in Decatur. Forrest must have driven them back, instead of being defeated and captured.

(April 12.) We are still incredulous with regard to the late news. There must be something of momentous importance pending. Federal papers say that Lincoln is in Richmond, but that no passing to and fro or any communication is allowed.

Col. Horner arrived with regiment last night, proving the report of his capture a mistake. He brought 100 Confederate prisoners and 800 horses, all stolen from citizens between the river and Cornersville.

(Evening.) George comes in and says that peace has been declared on the following terms—that the U. S. expects a war with England and France and that the Confederate States, by returning to her allegiance, is to remain just as she was before the war. Every man to be restored to the rights of citizenship, his property to be replaced, slavery to remain as it was and the South to be united with the North in the threatened war!

We were unwilling to believe a word of it. Tomorrow, perhaps, will remove our doubts, for if true, there will be great rejoicing except with the Abolitionists. It it raining terribly and has been for two or three days; some of the bridges are washed away upon the railroad.

(April 13.) As soon as breakfast was over, Sue went over to ask Mr. Figures if the news had been confirmed. He said that everybody had heard it, but nobody believed it or knew where it came from. The Yankees said they received a dispatch from Nashville today to fire 200 guns here today, without assigning the cause! Up to 4 o'clock this evening, not a gun had been fired, and they now say that the reason why it has not been done is that there is not an artillery man in town. Plausible excuse.

If there was any truth in the late news, Huntsville would be vocal with the shouts of joy! Who knows but after all the star of the Southern Confederacy is in the ascendent! We will say to you in confidence, dear journal, right here that we in the Yankee lines have become so thoroughly accustomed to these lying rumors that, when they actually tell us the truth, we don't believe them. Keep this between the leaves and never divulge!

Mr. Wilson called to see us today and says that there is "grapevine" to the effect that England and France and Spain had acknowledged our independence!

A letter from Ed this evening.

(April 14.) The firing has commenced. Cannons are booming from the Fort. The brass band is playing, town bells ringing. Railroad engines are shrieking out a prolonged doleful whistle, and the confusion is worse than confounded, and all, they say, for the surrender of Gen. Lee and that of the Northern Virginia army.

The boys have gone upon the housetops, and the dogs have come into the house trembling with fear. Every boom comes to our ears like a knell, recalling our wandering thought for Gen. Lee, and that noble and devoted band of Southern soldiers. We have never yet learned the number that surrendered, as the papers are silent on that subject. Would we could know the truth. Bad as it may prove to be, it would be infinitely better than this suspense.

Clara has gone out into the back yard to ring the tea bell by way of burlesque. Called her in lest she incur the indignation of the Yankees.

Here comes Mr. Hereford. Says that there is a great demonstration going on among the negroes. Next comes Mrs. Lanice, all excitement, and next Mrs. Brandon. Our heart swells within us from conflicting emotions.

The band is approaching. It is Col. Horner's regiment marching through the streets, himself mounted upon a fine black horse.

After dinner, started up town and met two soldiers carrying a drunken Yank to his quarters at the hospital, and a little farther, met Sue, who told me I had better not go, as Col. Horner had given the soldiers until 6 o'clock to get drunk in, and they were taking advantage of the indulgence. Turned my

steps towards Mrs. Carter's, and from there to Mrs. Elgin's. While out, heard that Gen. Lee and staff and Gen. Grant and staff were gone to Washington. Came home heartsick and thoroughly disgusted with everything.

(Saturday, April 15.) All quiet today. News came that Ridgely Cruse had been killed in a skirmish near Mobile.

Went to the provost marshal (Capt. Moore) this evening to get three letters approved. While examining them, he remarked to me, "We have just got news that I fear will be worse for you Southern people than anything that has yet happened. President Lincoln was shot last night, at the theatre in Washington, and died this morning. Seward was stabbed, but it is thought will recover."

I asked him if it was supposed that a Southern man had done the deed.

"O, no," he replied, "it was done by Booth."

I was exceedingly shocked, as might well be supposed, and felt in my heart that it must be bad news for the South, if Andrew Johnson was to succeed him. What startling events have crowded fast upon each other within the last few days! I little apprehended that the last page of my journal would record the death of President Lincoln.

Mrs. Robert Fearn died today.

(April 16.) Gen. Grainger has issued an order to the effect that all persons exalting the death of President Lincoln shall be summarily punished. Mr. Parker was seen standing on the porch of his brother's house, laughing and talking with some young ladies, which excited suspicion that they were rejoicing in regard to the above. The house was searched, and last night some of the furniture was moved out with a threat to burn the house.

Gen. Grainger's order follows:

"The same diabolical spirit which attempted the life of Mr. Lincoln in 1861, which organized expeditions for the burning of our towns upon the Northern frontier, and the assassination of thousands of women and children, organized under the auspices of the Confederate government, has at last culminated in the fiendish murder of the President of the United States by the hand of the assassin. It is hoped that this act, so savage and so brutal, will find none in this community who in any manner shall express approbation or approval of this most foul murder, they shall be immediately arrested and tried by a military commission, and if found guilty, they will receive the most summary punishment. Such treason shall have no home in the district of Northern Alabama."

Some further particulars have been received of the death of President Lincoln. It appears that the assassin stood behind the box in which he was seated, and shot him through the head. He was then seen to leap upon the stage, exclaiming "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" in front of the actors, and to then disappear, thus making his escape.

An assassin entered the house of Secretary Seward and, rushing past the servants and those in attendance, made his way to the bed, where he was confined from his late injuries, and stabbed him, but it is hoped that he will recover. His son was knocked down and mortally injured. Mrs. Lincoln was in the box beside her husband when the shot was fired. Gen. Grant had been urged to go to the theatre that night, but declined and took the train for New York instead.

(April 17.) This morning, Miss Ella Scruggs and Miss Edmonia Toney were arrested and taken to the courthouse on a charge of having rejoiced at the late news. Col. Horner read them a lecture and dismissed them.

(April 18.) Today was set apart by the Federal authorities as a day of mourning for President Lincoln. A cannon was

fired at 6 o'clock this morning and repeated at an interval of every half hour during the day until sundown. All business was suspended, and the business houses draped in mourning. The schools were all closed, and every mark of respect shown for the day by the citizens. The troops marched through the principal streets with arms reversed, the flags tied with crepe and the band playing a funeral dirge. Mrs. Sheffey, the Misses Withers and Sue Jolly and Mrs. Hereford called to see the procession.

(April 19.) Mrs. Pruitt returned from across the river today. Ran up to see her the moment that I heard she had arrived. She saw W. D. only 10 days since. He was well, but was on the point of leaving Marion, as there was a rumor that the Feds were approaching that point. Gen. Forrest was collecting his forces to drive them back. When they first heard of their approach, Gen. Chalmers was sent forward with a force to check their advance, and was ordered by Gen. Forrest to move with all possible haste, but a party was given him in Marion and he stopped to attend it.

The next day, a dinner was given him and he stopped to attend that! In the meantime, Gen. Roddy was sent forward for the same purpose, but proved inefficient to resist their progress. I have not learned all the particulars, but it appears that they took Selma, and that Gen. Forrest was there at the time, but made his escape, and is now concentrating his forces for another effort at a dinner at Dr. Cowan's. Mrs. Pruitt says he was sad and gloomy, and that he feared that he would not be able to hold that portion of the country, as he had not men enough.

Mr. Ridgely Cruse was not killed, but is a prisoner.

Willie Chadick came to the river with Mrs. Pruitt, but, as his business is not quite concluded, will not be home yet for two or three weeks. There is news today that Mobile has fallen. Fear that it is too true. Felt happy and buoyant tonight in the face of everything else, from having my anxiety relieved in regard to my dear husband and Willie.

(April 28.) Just arisen from a two days' spell of nervous headache. Trying to get my garden in order with the assistance of Frances, an intelligent contraband, who offered her services for a home and board. A coarse, bawling, loud-mouthed negro. Hope, however, that she may prove a help in the garden.

(April 29.) Mary and myself are lonely today. Clara, George and Davie have gone fishing with a party of children, with Mrs. Figures' protection. I fixed them off with a basket of refreshments. I made them a dish of tictac-parched corn, with molasses candy poured over it, of which they were particularly proud. They went off in high spirits, and I hope their enjoyment may equal their anticipation. They have been shut up inside the picket lines so long they are perfectly jubilant at the thought of escaping for one day.

Both of the servants are at work in the garden trying to get it in order. Busied myself washing and dressing my butter. Sold Mrs. Figures two and one half pounds at 50 cents per pound. Have two splendid cows, having raised one of them through all the perils of the war and scarcity of food. Said calf took up quarters in the smokehouse every time a Yankee raid visited Huntsville.

We have news this morning that Gen. Johnston has surrendered to Gen. Sherman upon the same terms that were offered to Gen. Lee. It appears that Sherman's first propositions were so generous that it aroused the indignation of the authorities at Washington, and they were not recognized at that point, and Johnston had been obliged to submit on their own terms. This has ended the military power of the Southern Confederacy.

Went for my new bonnet this morning at Mrs. Carter's, and met Capt. Turner, who has just received a letter from his daughter, Mrs. Williamson, just married to Capt. Todd. Speaking of him in her letter, she said she had only one objection to him, and that was that he was a half brother of Mr. Lincoln!

Stopped to see Mrs. Irby on my return. Many of the boys belonging to Lee's army are arriving daily. It is said to be a sad sight to see them coming into the Yankee lines, under the

circumstances, after fighting them for four years and leaving the bones of three fourths of their brave comrades bleaching upon the battle field. Can it be that this great struggle for independence is at an end?

(April 30.) Went to church this morning to hear Dr. Ross for the first time since the last occupation of Huntsville. After dinner, borrowed a Nashville Dispatch from Mr. Figures to read the news. It appears that Booth, the murderer of Lincoln, has been caught and shot, and his remains are now in Washington. He would not be taken alive, but before he died he said, "Tell my mother that I died for my country!"

President Lincoln's remains have been carried to his home in Illinois, and the demonstrations during the whole route have been a perfect ovation to his memory. Since the news of the surrender of Johnston, the North begins to feel that she has the South in her power, and very severe measures are beginning to be proposed in regard to Rebel leaders. Every precaution is being taken to cut off Jeff Davis' return, and he is denounced as the prince of traitors.

The wife of Col. Horner arrived this evening, and they have taken up their quarters at Mrs. Bradford's, just opposite us.

(Monday, May1.) Unusually cool for the first of May, and we have had fires all day. Went to see Mrs. Donnegan, who is quite ill.

John Young called today. It was like seeing one from the dead, as he was reported killed in one of the battles before Richmond a year since, and it was probably recorded in this journal.

Received a visit this evening from Mrs. Horner's baby. A grum looking little creature of five months. Used all the arts and fascinations at my command to win from it one smile, but failed. It would not smile upon a Rebel! Gave it a large bouquet of choice roses and sent it home. Image of its papa.

A bright moonlight night. The band is serenading Col. and Mrs. Horner across the street. Contraband and children fill the street, listening.

(May 3.) Went out this morning to make some visits. Heard that Gen. Grainger had gone to Decatur to meet Gen. Roddy to submit the terms of surrender.

(May 4.) Mrs. Ross called this morning for me to assist her in cutting out some sleeves and mantle. Clifton Elgin, a returned soldier, called, and Frank Peebles and some other visitors, Col. Scruggs and Mr. Holden. Our returned soldiers look sad. For the most part, they have a noble bearing. Far superior in their personal appearance to the Feds.

They, the Federals, do not manifest the right feeling towards the Southern boys. Clifton said that some of them were walking behind them (he and Col. Scruggs) yesterday, and he heard one of them say, "There goes two of them fellows!" Two or three days since, one of them attacked young Cochran and tautned him with having been whipped. He gave him a retort, courteous and scathing, and there is no telling what might have grown out of it had not an officer come along and taken the soldier into custody.

(May 5.) Sue and Mary have gone to Mrs. Watkins' to spend the day. Had my dining room carpet taken up and a general cleaning up. Heard that Col. Horner had been to Maysville to settle the terms of surrender with Col. Johnson and Meade and would not allow them to retain their horses. His terms were rejected.

Mr. Mayhew returned this evening after an absence of nearly three years.

(May 6.) Sick in bed.

(May 7.) It is said that Col. Horner and an armed force have gone to take Col. Meade and Johnson. The U. S. government has offered a large reward for the apprehension of Jeff Davis, Breckenridge and other so-called prominent leaders in the rebellion. They are also accused of participation in the death of President Lincoln, which bears a falsehood upon the face of it, and shows the vindictive spirit at Washington now operating against the unfortunate people of the South. They had better take the advice of such men as Gen. Lee, who tells them that "unless they pursue a mild, generous policy toward the South, the war is not at an end!"

(May 8.) Received a letter this morning from Nashville, written in a strange hand. Looked at the signature—Austin! Who is he? Light breaks. O, yes, one of the three Federal soldiers who called and asked for music. Fears that he was neglected in thanking me sufficiently for my courtesy and hospitality, which he will ever remember. Offers his services in doing anything for me in Nashville, where his brigade is quartered. Bill returned last night. He brings no new tidings of my best friend.

(May 9.) Heard last night that our kind and disinterested friend, Capt. Fordyce, was lying dangerously ill in Nashville. Feel the deepest regret. Wrote him a note this morning, thanking him for all his kindnss and generosity to Edwin, and expressing our sympathy for his illness. Wrote also to Mr. Herrick, asking him to show brother Dave the note and requested him to hunt up Capt. Fordyce, and show him every attention in his power.

(May 10.) Brother Mitchell and wife from Athens called to see us this morning. He says there is news that Gen. Forrest has been killed by one of his captains, whose son he had executed for desertion.

It is rumored that Gen. Roddy will surrender after a few days. There has been a truce for 20 days, which will be out day

after tomorrow. The "grapevine" also affirms that Jeff Davis, with 3,000 men, is safe across the Mississippi river. What Southern man or woman would not devoutly pray that this might be true?

(May 11.) Col. Johnson and his men came in today and surrendered to Col. Givens. He declined surrendering to Col. Horner, but said that he would surrender to a gentleman. Their request to retain their horses, which were their own private property, had been refused by Col. Horner. They came in on foot, and every man had sold his horse, and they had only a few old muskets, which, when they were ordered to "ground arms," they threw down with curses and imprecations. The report of the death of Gen. Forrest has been contradicted.

(May 12.) Mrs. Bradford and Miss Figures returned last night from Dixie. Brought no tidings of W. D. Feel very anxious as to his whereabouts and his return home. Mrs. Bradford says that she heard he had gone to Texas to hunt him a home! Billy left yesterday morning, without letting us know that he was going to start South, or telling us goodbye. Expects to be gone all Summer. Perfectly in keeping with his eccentricity!

(May 14.) Have been very ill for the last two days. All restrictions in trade have been removed, and we can now buy without a permit. Can go where we please—no pickets out. The Federal authorities say that there are now no insurgents in North Alabama, and the necessity no longer exists.

Col. Horner issued an order for all Confederate soldiers to lay aside their reinforcements and uniforms, and urged the people to try to be united, promising them protection, and asking them to assist him in putting down thieves and robbers, et cetera.

News last night that Jeff Davis has been captured. News that causes the heart to ache. News confirmed in tonight's paper. He was taken with his family and staff and sent North, heavily guarded.

(May 16.) Archie Mills called to see me. Just from Camp Chase. Tells me that Eddie has been released and is on his way home.

(May 18.) Mr. Matt Steele came tonight. Saw him as he passed and ran out to inquire of W. D. Knew nothing about him. Where can he be? Some say that he has gone across the Mississippi. This we do not believe, but feel anxious and impatient for his return.

(May 20.) Capt. Fordyce returned to Huntsville last night, and this morning sent down a package of books and papers. Went this evening to see Sandy White to learn some tidings of W. D., but he could give me none. Capt. Fordyce called during my absence and left word that Ed had gone up to Lebanon to see his relatives.

(May 21.) Mrs. Watkins came in to spend the day. After dinner, we went on the square, shopping. Saw several returned soldiers, but could learn nothing of my husband.

(May 22.) Jim Matt Robinson called this morning, but had no late news from W. D. Heard that the state authorities had surrendered. What then keeps him from returning? Perhaps he is ill.

The soldiers are still coming in every day, and the war begins to seem like a frightful dream. We have no news. The papers continue to speak of Davis' capture and arrival at Fortress Monroe, but many doubt the truth of the whole affair. The papers also announce the capture of Clay and Gen. Wheeler. Gen. Kirby Smith has not yet surrendered, and the Federals are beginning to doubt whether he will do so.

The Hon. Jere Clemens died on Sunday morning rather suddenly. He had just returned from the North, and has been in bad health for some time.

(May 26.) A memorable day, for, with it, ends all my suspense and anxiety with regard to the absence of the dear ones. Soon after the whistle of the evening train, Sue came in and said, "Ma, Eddie has come and is on his way here in the omnibus!"

It was no surprise, as we were looking for him; but we were not looking for W. D., who got out of the omnibus at the same time, to our very great surprise. The meeting was one of great joy, mixed with sadness. When we thought of the painful weeks and months of separation, borne with patience and fortitude for the sake of the cause, and then the unfortunate result! He was surrendered by Gen. Dick Taylor and was paroled in Memphis, returning home by way of Nashville. He there met Eddie and thus they came together.

The war being over and the dear ones returned, there will be little more of interest for these pages. Therefore, you and I, dear journal, close friends as we have been, united by every bond of sympathy, must part.

"We have shared each other's gladness and wept each other's tears."

Whenever my eyes rest upon you, it will be with feelings of gratitude and affection for the consolation you have afforded me in these days of trial.

Farewell!

(The End.)

Editor's Note: On page 5, there is believed to be an error in the manuscript of Mrs. Chadick. She refers to the Federal commander, General Stanley, taking possession of the home of the Misses Pram. A reader has informed us that this home unquesionably was that of Dr. Fearn, on Franklin street, now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Willis Garth.